

The Message For America

September, 1984

Late one night, I could not sleep, The children were sleeping on the luggage. My wife and daughter were crying, I went outside and walked around. I didn't want them to see me cry. I walked around the building, crying and saying, "God! Why did you punish me? Why did you bring me into this country? I can't understand anybody. If I try to ask anybody anything, all I hear is, "I don't know."

I stopped in front of the apartment and sat on a large rock. Suddenly a bright light came toward me. I jumped to my feet because it looked as if a car was coming directly at me, attempting to run me down! I thought the Romanian Secret Police had tracked me to America, and now they were trying to kill me. But it wasn't a car at all. As the light approached, it surrounded me. From the light I heard the same voice that I had heard so many times in prison.

He said "Dumitru, why are you so despaired?" I said, "Why did you punish me? Why did you bring me to this country? I have nowhere to lay my head down. I can't understand anybody." He said, "Dumitru, didn't I tell you I am here with you, also? I brought you to this country because this country will burn." I said, 'then why did you bring me here to burn? Why didn't you let me die in my own country? You should have let me die in jail in Romania! He said, "Dumitru, have patience so I can tell you. Get on this." I got on something next to him. I don't know what it was. I also know that I was not asleep. It was not a dream. It was not a vision. I was awake just as I am now.

He showed me all of California and said, "This is Sodom and Gomorrah! All of this, in one day it will burn! It's sin has reached the Holy One." Then he took me to Las Vegas. "This is Sodom and Gomorrah. In one day it will burn." Then he showed me the state of New York. "Do you know what this is?" he asked. I said, "No." He said "This is New York. This is Sodom and Gomorrah! In one day it will burn." Then he showed me all of Florida, "This is Florida." he said. "This is Sodom and Gomorrah! In one day it will burn."

Then he took me back home to the rock where we had begun. "IN ONE DAY IT WILL BURN! All of this I have shown you" - I said, "How will it burn?" He said, "Remember what I am telling you, because you will go on television, on the radio and in churches. You must yell with a loud voice. Do not be afraid, because I will be with you." I said, "How will I be able to go? Who knows me here in America? I don't know anybody here." He said, "Don't worry yourself. I will go before you. I will do a lot of healing in the American churches and I will open the doors for you. But do not say anything else besides what I tell you. This country will burn!"

I said, "What will you do with the church?" He said, "I want to save the church, but the churches have forsaken me." I said, "How did they forsake you?" He said, "The people praise themselves. The honor that the people are supposed to give Jesus Christ, they take upon themselves. In the churches there are divorces. There is adultery in the churches. There are homosexuals in the churches. There is abortion in the churches and all other sins that are possible.

Because of all the sin, I have left some of the churches. You must yell in a loud voice that they must put an end to their sinning. They must turn toward the Lord. The Lord never gets tired of forgiving. They must draw close to the Lord, and live a clean life. If they have sinned until now, they must put an end to it, and start a new life as the Bible tells them to live."

I said, "How will America burn?" America is the most powerful country in this world. Why did you bring us here to burn? Why didn't you at least let us die where ALL the Dudumans have died?"

He said, "Remember this, Dumitru. The Russian spies have discovered where the nuclear warehouses are in America. When the Americans will think that it is peace and safety - from the middle of the country, some of the people will start fighting against the government. The government will be busy with internal problems. Then from the ocean, from Cuba, Nicaragua, Mexico,..." (He told me two other countries, but I didn't remember what they were.) "...they will bomb the nuclear warehouses. When they explode, America will burn!"

"What will you do with the Church of the Lord? How will you save the ones that will turn toward you?" I asked. He said, "Tell them this: how I saved the three young ones from the furnace of fire, and how I saved Daniel in the lions den, is the same way I will save them."

The angel of the Lord also told me, "I have blessed this country because of the Jewish people who are in this country. I have seven million Jews in this country, but they do not want to recognize the Lord. They didn't want to thank God for the blessing they received in this country. Israel doesn't want to recognize Jesus Christ. They put their faith in the Jewish people in America. But, when America burns, the Lord will raise China, Japan, and other nations to go against the Russians. They will beat the Russians and push them all the way to the gates of Paris.

Over there they will make a treaty, and appoint the Russians as their leaders. They will then unite against Israel. When Israel realizes she does not have the strength of America behind her, she will be frightened. That's when she will turn to the Messiah for deliverance. That's when the Messiah will come. Then, the church will meet Jesus in the air, and he will bring them back with Him to the Mount of Olives. At that time, the battle of Armageddon will be fought."

When I heard all of this I said, "if you are truly the angel of the Lord, and everything you have told me is true, then all you have said must be written in the Bible." He said, "Tell everyone to read from Jeremiah 51:8-15, Revelation chapter 18, and Zechariah chapter 14, where Christ fights against those who possess the earth. After His victory," the angel said, "there will be one flock and one Shepherd. There will be no need for light. The Lamb of God will be the Light. There will be no sickness, no tears, and no deaths. There will only be eternal joy and God will be the ruler. There will be only one language. Only one song. And no need for a translator! ... And, Dumitru," he continued, "a word of warning. If you keep anything from the American people that you are told, I will punish you severely." "How will I know that this is for real -that it will really happen?" I asked. "As a sign that I have spoken to you, tomorrow before you wake, I will send someone to bring you a bed, and at noon I will send you a car and a bucket of honey. After which I will send someone to pay your rent." The next day someone brought Dumitru a bed, and at noon a car arrived with the bucket of honey. His rent was also paid, as God had promised him. (See chapter 10, "**THROUGH THE FIRE WITHOUT BURNING.**") Then the angel left.

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Mystery Babylon

1984

Why did God name America Mystery Babylon?

"Tell them, because all the nations of the world immigrated to America with their own gods and were not stopped. Encouraged by the freedom here, the wickedness began to increase. Later on, even though America was established as a Christian nation, the American people began to follow the strange gods that the immigrants had brought in, and also turned their backs on the God who had built and prospered this country."

Sent To America

Dumitru Duduman August 1984

[Excerpt from Through The Fire Without Burning; this occurred soon after arrival in California after being exiled from Romania for smuggling Bibles.]

When I eventually fell asleep, I had a strange and remarkable dream.

I found myself back in Romania. Maria [my wife] and I were there visiting an apple orchard. For some reason we weren't allowed to go in. The owner approached us and said, "What are you doing here? Your rights are in America. Get out or I'll call the police!"

I pleaded with the owner to let us walk through the beautiful orchard just one last time, but he would not. As I stood waiting, I suddenly realized that it was getting dark outside, a strange occurrence since it was only about 1:00 p.m.. I looked all around to see where the darkness was coming from and was terrified to see a volcano erupting. Its lava spread over the nearby homes, then began to rise across the ground.

"Maria," I said in the dream, "I guess you know we're going to die." Maria smiled. "I am so happy that I am going to die on Romanian ground." Then suddenly, an American helicopter lowered to rescue us. When I got inside the copter, I looked into the familiar eyes of the pilot. He was the man dressed in white; the angel of the Lord. He said nothing, just motioned for us to sit down. When we were high over the ground, he finally spoke, "Look down." I looked and the land of Romania was covered with an army of tanks, machine guns, and aircraft, all poised for battle. [This occurred in December 1989 during the revolution in Romania.]

"See, all of this evil will eventually happen. This is why the Lord has taken you from Romania, to save you. Now you are in a position to help your people from your new home. You will provide tremendous assistance to your Christian Brothers and Sisters as well as to your loved ones. This is why I have sent you to America. So be strong and trust the Lord fully. He will not let you down."

Next, it seemed we were over California. The angel said, "There is San Francisco. There is Sacramento and Modesto. Soon we will see Los Angeles." I had no idea there were such places in California, or even in the world. But I still remember the exact names.

At last we were over Fullerton where we now live. "You can go home," the angel said, "but I want to tell you what will happen. You have seen a number of cities. The day will come when I will punish

the citizens of those cities because of their sins. Their sin has reached into heaven. God will punish them just as he punished Sodom and Gomorrah."

"How will this happen? Surely they are able to defend themselves against any imaginable invasion."

"That is your opinion, not the mind of God. The Russian government will have all the information regarding the whereabouts of American missiles. They will have the exact locations of the weapons factories. Even now they are preparing an attack against America. When America believes there is peace and safety, the Russians will lead an all out attack. They already have it planned! They plan to attack from such remote bases as Cuba, Nicaragua, Central America, Mexico, and the ocean. They have had these plans for a long time, but God has not yet allowed them to be fulfilled. Nevertheless, the day will come when America will be punished for her sins by fire."

I was terrified. "Why did you bring me here to die? Why didn't you let me die where my parents died?"

"Don't be afraid." He spoke calmly and quietly. "The pure in heart will not be punished. Those who are untouched by the sins of others, and are faithful and true, will hear the trumpet of God and the voice of God's angel crying, 'Wake up!' They will be told where to go."

"Where will they go?"

The helicopter soured again. I caught my breath, for as I looked down my eyes swept across beautiful cities. Two rivers flowed through one of them and growing alongside the other was a vast, lush forest. "This is your refuge when the times of tribulation fall upon California. Your family, and all those who hear the voice of the Lord, will understand the message of God's mighty trumpet."

Deeply troubled, I awoke from my restless sleep. The next morning I told my family the dream and began fasting for 21 days.

Angel On A Red Horse

February 19 1989

I was asleep this afternoon, when I was awakened by the whiny of a horse, and a crack of a whip! As I opened my eyes, I saw a man on a red horse. "Get up, Dumitru!" the man said. As I stood up, I was immediately knocked down by his power. "Get up!" he repeated. I stood up, but I was knocked down again. I got up, and was knocked down a third time. I asked him why he did that to me. "To show you my power," he said.

The man was ready for war. He wore a helmet, had guns and knives around his waist, a machine gun hung around his neck, and a sword in one hand. He said, "I am an angel, and have been sent down by Gabriel. Why is your heart sad because many people don't accept the message? People are happy because there is peace here, but in a short while it will change into war! I am sent to take peace off the earth." (Revelation 6:3-4)

The angel went on, "In some places, wars will start. People will raise their swords against one another." He continued, "Don't be worried, but be happy! Why are you worried about the money? The cries, prayers, and fastings of the ones in your country (Romania) have reached

God. Don't be worried! Gold, silver, and wealth belong to God. He will not let you down. You see, some people," said the angel, "don't want to believe the truth or the things that will happen. ONLY THE ONES WHO'S NAMES ARE WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF LIFE WILL LISTEN AND REPENT! Fight hard, because the fight will be harder as you continue. It will be harder than it has ever been until now," he said. "The days are numbered, and what I have told you will happen." With a noise like thunder and a flash of bright light, he knocked me down a final time and disappeared.

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The Vision Of The Mountain

June 1989

While I was in Wisconsin at a pastor's home, during a time of fasting and prayer, a sadness flooded me. I went into my room and began to pray in tongues. Suddenly, a huge mountain appeared before me. Half of the mountain flourished with green trees, and the other half was barren and desolate. Then I heard a big explosion, and a powerful voice said, "California is burning! California is burning! Climb to the top of the mountain! There you will be safe!"

I was desperate because my family was not with me, but in California. So I began to call for them. I saw California engulfed in flames. I began to climb the mountain, and when I looked back, I saw my wife dragging my three grandsons by the hand. "Get up here faster so you won't burn!" I shouted. Then I saw my daughter helping her husband along, because he was afraid of falling. "Tell them not to look back," the voice called. I yelled his instructions to them, and told them to hurry so they wouldn't catch on fire.

Finally, all of us were on the top of the mountain. "look down," the voice said. Looking down, I saw fire bursting out of the ground, while trees and houses disintegrated before my eyes. People were screaming in agony and pain. I saw some of them trying to climb up the mountain, but most of them weren't able to. Then, two men dressed in white appeared. One of them said in a loud voice, "Do you see how California is burning? This is how it will happen." Trembling with fear, I reappeared in the pastor's backyard. Flames were erupting out of the ground, so I began to scream, "Get out of the house and climb up the mountain so you won't burn! America is burning!" Running out of the house, they screamed, "save us, Jesus!"

Confused, I saw the two men dressed in white appearing again. One of them said, "see what I have shown you? This is how it will happen. The mountain that you see before you is Jesus Christ. Those who live a holy life will be saved. When the attack comes and the country burns, only those whose names are written in the book of Life will be saved. Remember to tell everybody what I have shown you." When the vision ended, I told my pastor what happened and called my family right away. "Is there any fire? Has anything happened?" I asked. Hearing that nothing happened, I was overjoyed.

By standing on the mountain, we will be saved.

Revolution In Romania

June 1989

As we continued to pray, asking the Lord when these things would happen to America, I had a message from God telling me, "Don't be afraid. First, there will be a revolution in Romania, and then the troubles will come upon America. However, things will get better in Romania before anything happens to this country."

The Star

December 5, 1989

I had just returned home from Wisconsin. Every time I prayed, a very big star would appear in front of me. This happened about sixteen times in a period of a few days. Every time the star would appear, it would make a great noise and I would always tremble. For a few seconds it would just stand up high and then, at great speed it would fall to the ground! I prayed together with my family for an answer.

After the 16th time, the answer came. I heard a voice say, "Do you see this star? It represents America. This is how fast the fall of America will be! As fast as that star fell!"

Then the voice said, "I love the Christians in this country because of all the good deeds they have done, and for the help they have given those in need. I blessed this country so other people would be fed from it."

The voice also said, "There will be a time of preparation for the people. The ones who need to repent should do it now, before it is too late. The time without trouble will last until the total number of the chosen is fulfilled." (Obadiah 1:4)

My prayer is that God will have mercy on this nation.

Return To Romania

January 1990

I had resigned myself to the fact that I would never be able to return to Romania.

While I was sitting on my bed in a motel room in Michigan, a pillar of light appeared before me. The light was very powerful. Inside the light I saw a face. A voice said, "You will be going to Romania, but do not be afraid, for I will be with you and nothing will happen to you. You will return to your home in peace."

Then he told me, "Do not cease to tell my people to repent, for a short time will pass, then I will start judging the ones who now dishonor and disobey me." Then the light disappeared.

With joy and courage in my heart I said, "If God is with me who can be against me?"

Bird on The Plane

April 1990

While coming back from Romania I was given this vision: As I was sitting in the seat, a white bird with a golden and shiny beak appeared. In its beak it had a letter which it opened with its feet and a voice said, "Read."

The letter said, "I was with you in Romania and I am with you now while you return. Because you were not partial and you gave to everybody... because you obeyed and did as I told you to do... my blessings will be over you even more than they have been. Do everything that I put in your heart to do, and I the Lord will help you. I will open the doors which were not opened until now, and I will bless you so you can work for Me. I am with you." Then the bird closed the letter, and waving good bye with its wing, then disappeared.

The Camp Of God

June 6, 1990

On the night of June 6th I couldn't sleep, but with troubling thoughts, the time passed fast enough. When I looked at the clock it was already midnight. Getting on my knees I spent quite a while praying, and afterwards I went to bed. The dream that I had that night made me shake all over. It terrified me.

In front of me appeared a man with a handsome face, but he was very big. Standing, he could reach the heavens with his head, but his feet were not on anything solid. There was thunder coming out of his mouth. He took the stars, the moon, and the sun and put them in a tent. Then I saw no more land or people, but only the skies which were like water. I became frightened and asked, "What is happening here? Where are all the people?"

He then showed me a very big tent. Through the crack of the door I saw a very bright light. It was so powerful that I couldn't look at it straight. Through the lightning I heard a voice that said, "Behold, this is the camp of God, in which sit the chosen ones."

When I looked through the light of the tent I saw Christ. Then I heard a voice say, "These are all my redeemed which are on the earth who have a clean life and who are washed in my blood."

After that I heard a loud clap of thunder. Then I woke up. I went and told my family and now I wanted to share it with you.

Revelation 21:3, "And I heard a loud voice from heaven saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself will be with them and be their God."

[When Will It Happen](#)

1991

So many people were asking, "When will it happen? When Will America burn?" I prayed and asked God, "What will I tell people when they ask me when it will happen?" That night an angel came and touched me on the hand and said, "Dumitru, wake up! Sit up! Get your Bible and read Hosea 4:6-9 and Hosea 6:1-3."

"Tell the people of America that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. If they will repent and turn back to God, they will make it through the second day to the third day. If they don't, they will not make it."

II Peter 3:8, "But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

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Fear Me and Draw Closer

March 1991

Romans 1:18, "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who suppress the truth in unrighteousness."

The angel of God visited me two times in one week. The first visit was on the ninth of March at about 5:00 p.m. Suddenly I felt a great weakness pass over me. I went and laid in bed thinking that I was exhausted and needed to rest. At once a being appeared before me. He was dressed in white, and his face shone so brightly that you could not see his features. He shook me and said, "Wake up, for I must tell you something." When I opened my eyes I saw the angel of God had a piece of paper that was written in Hebrew. He said, "Read". When I began to look at the letters they turned into Romanian. The scroll read: "Do not cease to tell people to fear me and draw closer to me..." That was all I had a chance to read because one of my grandsons jumped on my legs, and everything disappeared.

I was very saddened, so I began to pray earnestly that the angel would return with the rest of the message. I spent the next few days mostly in prayer. Then, a man dressed in white appeared. He looked very strange to me because he looked like an ordinary man. I thought of asking him who he was, but before I got a chance to say a word, he began to talk to me. "Everything I have shown you, and told you are things that happened, are happening, and will happen. Do not forget to tell everyone to worship God with all their heart." He continued with encouragement, and some direction for me personally, and for my family. When he finished, I asked, "Who are you?"

"I am the one who is, and was, and will always be with you," he said. When he finished this sentence he was suddenly surrounded by a powerful burst of light, and he disappeared.

Flicker Of Light

May 1991

In my dream, the sun and the moon appeared in the heavens in a more powerful intensity than I had never seen before. Suddenly two men came out of the light; one out of the sun, and one out of the moon. The one in the sun began to speak. "I am the Son of Righteousness, and I will soon come to judge the world! Get up and work NOW while it is still day, for night is soon coming when you no longer shall be able to work. I want to strengthen you, for I still have work for you to do. Look to your left."

When I looked to my left, I saw a black cloud furiously approaching, with lightning and thunder booming out of it! It covered the horizon, and soon covered the sun and moon. A heavy smell filled the place where I stood, making it very difficult to breath. "What can this horrible stench be?," I asked.

"This is how nuclear fallout smells," He replied.

Then suddenly, in the darkness of the cloud, far away from where I stood, there was a little flicker of light. The Voice in the sun said, "Walk toward the light."

As I began to follow the flicker of light, all of my family was suddenly with me. We kept walking on a very narrow path, and after a very long and exhausting trip we arrived at the bank of a big body of water. Again the Voice spoke, "You must get across the water!" I became troubled, because there was no way we could cross. Then something like a ski lift appeared before us. The voice again spoke, "Get on." Before we even had time to think, we arrived on the other side of the body of water. Then the voice said to me, "Do not be quiet. Tell the people that time is very short, and the trouble WILL come onto the earth. I will still allow a time for the souls of those that I want to save. Tell the people that I am a jealous God, and I want them all for me. Tell them to pray more and worship me with all their hearts in holiness, and cleanliness."

Then I awoke.....

A Peaceful Heart

July 4th. 1991

On the morning of July 4, 1991, I was counseled by the Holy Spirit who told me this: "What I ask of my people is to keep peace in their hearts. I do allow trials to come over them. This is to keep them humble. Do not wait, but try to get closer to God. For hard days are at hand when a powerful darkness will set over this country. Wickedness and sin have reached their end, and the Almighty and Righteous One will take revenge on the sin. Be holy, and draw near the Lord with your life and a clean heart - with fasting and praying - so I can spare you in the days of trouble. The day of the Holy One's terrible wrath is getting close, and everyone will receive their just reward; for God is a righteous judge. Do not be lazy, but come before me on your knees more often."

Afterwards, the Spirit of God encouraged me, telling me to be strengthened because my fight will get harder still, but God will make me more than victorious over everything.

Heavenly Visitors

August 1991

It was hard for me to fall asleep last night. I prayed a lot. When I finally fell asleep, I had a dream.

I was in a valley with mountains around it. Someone yelled at me, "Run and hide! Rain is coming!"

I thought, "I'm not afraid of the rain." I looked around and could not see anyone. Then I heard peals of thunder! A powerful bolt of lightening passed right by me! Out of it came two beings!

They asked if I was afraid. I said, "Yes." They asked if I knew who they were. I said "No."

They said, "We are heavenly beings." Their clothes were white as snow. They had eyes that were penetrating. There was a light in them so bright I could hardly look at them. Their hair was white as wool, and it was long, going down their backs. One of them had a book and the other had an ink well attached to his belt, and a large pen in his hand. There was an eraser on one end.

The one with the pen said, "I was sent to complete the book of the Gentiles. Do you want to see your names?" I looked and saw that all the names of my family were written there, and they were circled. I asked why they were circled. He said, "The devil doesn't like what you do and fights powerfully against all you do. I have circled your names so I can give you extra protection."

He opened the back of the book and counted out 4 remaining blank pages at the end. "When these are filled," he said, "the book of the Gentiles will be complete. Then I will return to my people. Some of the names that are listed here will be erased. I will erase the names of those who have mocked God and tested the Spirit of Grace. I will replace them with other names."

I started to ask what the 4 pages meant, but before I could ask the meaning, he thrust the pen into the ink well, as though slipping a sword into a scabbard. As he did, there was such tremendous thunder and lightening that I fell down. Then I woke up.

Clouds In The Skies

1991

After I prayed I went to sleep. While I was sleeping I dreamed someone was telling me, "Rain is coming!"

I looked around but saw no one. But suddenly there was thunder and lightening, and a red cloud appeared. In its midst were the hammer and sickle of Communism. On the other side was another cloud, but with no unusual colors. Suddenly, an intensely bright star appeared out of the cloud. Then the red cloud began to surround the cloud with the star, and tried to capture it. Immediately, a white cloud appeared, bursting forth with great thunder and lightening. When it appeared, the red cloud was dismembered. Then two men appeared out of the white cloud. One had a face like the sun. It was so bright I could not look at it. The other had a humble face, and had a book in his hand. He opened the book, and said, "Look." He began to count the blank pages of the book. There were only three and a quarter empty pages! Then he said. "It won't be long. Be prepared. When these pages are filled, The Grace will leave the gentiles. Draw closer to me now,

more than ever - and be holy, because hard times are coming." Then the man with the book said, "Look to the right." When I looked to the right, I saw a beautiful garden filled with all kinds of flowers. But I had never seen ANY of these kinds before.

Then I woke up.

America the Falling Star

January 23rd, 1992

It was late. After prayer I went to sleep. In my dream, I heard a loud noise. I began to look around me. When I looked up, I saw a big star in the sky but, it's tips were bent. Suddenly, I heard the sound of hoofbeats, which were getting closer and closer. When I looked where the noise was coming from, I saw four horses pulling an old fashioned chariot. In the chariot were four men. They were armed with heavy artillery and they began to shoot at the star. The star began to burn. Then it fell from the sky. I woke up and told Mike the dream. He asked me what it meant. When I told him I didn't know, he told me to pray, and if it was of God, He would let me dream it again.

I prayed, and again tried to fall asleep. I was nodding off, when again I heard the noise and saw the star with it's bent tips. Again I heard the hoofbeats. But this time when I looked up, there were six horses; and six men were in the chariot. All of them had masks on and they were armed. Again they began to shoot at the star. The star began to burn again and fell. Frightened, I woke up. Being troubled, I prayed again and asked God for an explanation. I could not fall asleep for a few hours, but when I did, the same dream came again. This time the noise was even greater. Again the star appeared, with the same crooked tips. Again I heard the horses. This time though, there weren't four or six horses. There were eight horses; and eight men were in the chariot. Again they fired upon the star, and it fell. This time, when it hit the ground, it blew up. In the same place where the star used to be, appeared a man dressed in white. He said, "The star represents America. The reason the tips are crooked, is because America has fallen away from the Truth, and the Way of God. The eight horses, and the men in the chariot, represent eight kings that will rise up against America and will overcome her." Then the dream ended.

That same morning, during my prayer time, I saw a red flag with light blue and white in the left corner. It was bleeding. May God keep us awake, and ready.

Man Holding The Moon

June 3rd, 1992

I dreamed I was on the shore of a river. When I looked into the water I saw that it was very dirty. I wanted to catch fish, but I couldn't because the waters were so muddy. I asked myself, "How can I catch fish from this river? There is no clean water anywhere to clean up afterwards."

When I looked further up the river, I saw a large patch of clean water coming. When it came by me, I checked the clean water with my hand to see if it was cold. When I felt the water, a powerful ray of light came down surrounding me. The light enabled me to see many fish. I was surprised to see how many fish were there.

When I looked up, I saw the light was coming from the moon. When I looked closer, I saw a man in the moon. His face was so shiny I could not look long. I looked back into the water. A voice told me, "Start fishing now, because the time is very short. Soon there will be no more opportunity to fish." The voice sounded so close it frightened me. The man looked so far away, but the voice was close. I looked up. Then I heard the voice again. The man said, "The ray of light that you see is my voice."

Then he said, "Look how many fish are before you." When I looked down I saw many more fish than before. The man said the second time, "Catch them now. Fish now. Fish while you can. For in a short time the fishing shall be over." When I looked back toward the moon, it had changed into a red arch, like a rainbow. The man was holding it in his hand by a corner. He said to me, "See this moon? Soon it's light will go out." I asked, "Where am I?" Then I woke up.

Revelation 8:12, "Then the fourth angel sounded: and a third of the sun was struck, and a third of the moon, and a third of the stars, so that a third of them were darkened; and a third of the day did not shine, and likewise the night."

Isaiah 13:10, "For the stars of heaven and their constellations will not give their light; The sun will be darkened in its going forth, and the moon will not cause its light to shine."

Isaiah 24:21, "It shall come to pass in that day that the Lord will punish on high the host of exalted ones, and on the earth the kings of the earth."

A Revelation

November 8th. 1992

(A prophecy) "Dark days and days of sadness are soon coming," says the Lord. "Not long will pass and the One who is to come will come and He will not tarry. The days are coming when the kings of the earth will wail loudly. The evil that you see being allowed over Romania is because the people, in their greed, have become corrupt. They have started to practice wickedness and they are proud. Even some of My people whom I have chosen have given in to sinful things believing that they are fighting only for themselves. This is why I the Lord have allowed, and do allow the hardships. Do not be astonished by what you see, for the poverty and hunger will grow. The hardships will be even greater. But it will not be allowed for long because the prayers of the hungry children have reached Me."

"Everything is prepared for the killing, the battles and the crimes. The plunders and the troubles are close and shall come to pass in a short time. After all this, things will change in such a way that you did not think possible. Those that are haughty, I the Lord will humble. You will receive with the same cup that you give - if you are poor or if you are a king. God is no respecter of persons. After all these things happen in Romania, the evil will turn toward the country that you now live in." (USA)

"Tell my people to be prepared and be careful," says the Lord, "for everything I have decided will happen. Do not say in your hearts that the Lord has said many things that have not happened yet because all things are decided by Me and everything has it's appointed time. Draw closer to the Lord your God and cease doing evil things that I may give you victory. I the Lord will work in ways that you cannot even imagine, but be holy."

"The sin of the great whore has spread throughout the world. The stench of her sin has reached me and it will not be long until I will raise the whole Arab world, the Russians and other countries against her, that they may destroy her."

The Black Bird

December 12th, 1992

In my dream it seemed I was in front of the apartment building where I live. As I was standing and looking at the overhead clouds, a black bird, of a gigantic size, suddenly appeared. It was coming toward the ground with great speed. As it approached, it spread its wings. When I looked, I saw that something was written on the wings. It said, "Power has been given to me to be able to come against the Christians in a short time."

On the beak of the bird was written, "I want to make war against the true Christians - those that serve God with their hearts, their lives, and their actions not only in name. We'll see if they will be able to stand up against me... We'll see... I am a warrior. I fight against Christ."

This bird, of undescrivable size, was never calm. It soared up and down. As I watched, I was able to see how terrifying and mean it looked. Suddenly, it dropped a ribbon which said, "It will not be long before I will declare war against the Christians. I myself will fight with all my strength." Again it began to soar upwards. Then, suddenly, a cloud of rain, thunder, and lightning appeared! A lightning bolt hit the bird and it fell to the earth. To me it seemed dead. Feeling great joy that it was dead, I went to study it more closely. As I was looking at it, it raised its head and said, "Do you really think I'm dead? I just played dead because I did not want Christ to be mad at me. In a short time, though, I will be allowed to fight against the Christians in this country." Then it shot up like an arrow, and circled over me once. It dropped a letter, that was written in English. I gave the letter to my daughter to read. It said, "I was given power on earth to fight against all those that serve and do the work of God. I have succeeded in destroying some, and others I have taken prisoner. In a short time I will be allowed to fight against you, and others like you. -Lucifer."

Terrified and troubled by my dream, I woke up and told my family. Now I am also telling it to you.

When Christ Returns

January 1993

While in a motel room in Florida, I had the most awesome dream I have ever had. I dreamed that I woke up and I was looking toward a far wall. While looking at this wall I saw Jesus Christ appear with many crowns. Legions of angels were surrounding Him. In the dream I must have thought it was the returning of our Lord, because I began to cry out, "Lord, I thank you for coming for me! Lord, I thank you for coming to take me home!" I was yelling so loudly that I woke up from my own screams. I then realized that when that moment comes, I will have no time to think about anyone else. I will just be caught up in the great joy that Christ has come to take me home.

The Hand That Wrote On The Sky

March 5th, 1993

In my dream, it was as if my family and I were in a garden and we wanted to pick flowers. We were all looking around trying to see which flowers were the most beautiful. I looked toward the sky. As I looked at the sky, I saw the head and hand of a man. As I continued to look I saw the hand beginning to write: "Tell the people not to believe that the things I have said are fairy tales and untruths. The day of terror is fast approaching: it is close. I will not let one word that I have said go undone."

As I was reading what the hand had written, two men dressed in white suddenly appeared. They positioned themselves on each side of the head and hand. One of the men began to speak. "Tell the people to prepare, for the day of terror will soon be upon them. I will have mercy on those who today obey me: those that depart from sin and draw closer to me. I will give victory to those that will obey today." The second man spoke, saying the same words. Then everything disappeared, and again I was aware of my surroundings. I was in the garden looking at the most beautiful flowers I had ever seen. Their beauty was beyond words or description. Everything began to fade and I woke up.

The Black Army

May 7th, 1993

One night, while in Oregon, I dreamed the sky was getting dark. Then suddenly it turned pitch black! It was as if the whole world had gone dark at that moment! All the people were in a frenzy! They became disoriented, and some were even screaming. After some time, we heard the sound of an army approaching. Soon, we saw them coming out of the black mist. All were dressed in black, except one. That one seemed to be their leader. He was dressed in a red robe with a thick black belt over his waist. On his head, he had a sign. As I looked, I saw that in his hand he held the same kind of sharp spear as everyone else in his army.

"I am Lucifer!" he exclaimed. "I am the king of this world! I have come to make war against the Christians!"

It looked as though all the Christians were huddled together in one big group. Some began to cry when they heard this. Others began to tremble, while some just stood without saying anything. Lucifer continued to speak. "All of those that want to fight against my army and think they can be victorious; go to the right. Those that fear me; go to the left."

Only about a quarter of the group stepped to the right. All the others went to the left. Then Lucifer ordered his army, "Destroy those on the right!"

The army began to advance and quickly surrounded the Christians on the right. As they began to close in on us, a powerful light appeared and encircled us. Then, an angel of the Lord spoke. "Take out your swords and fight. Defend yourselves and be victorious over the enemy."

"What swords?" A man in the group asked.

"The Word of the Lord is your sword," the angel answered. When we understood what the angel meant, we began to quote verses from the Bible. Then suddenly, as if we were one voice, we began

to sing a song. Our voices thundered so loudly, that the Dark army began to retreat in fear. They did not have the courage to come against us anymore.

Lucifer, then filled with rage, turned to those on the left. "You, who all of your life have been trying to please two masters, because you could not stand against me; I have the power to destroy you."

He then ordered his army to attack. It was a total massacre. The ones on the left could not defend themselves. One by one they all fell. This killing seemed to go on for a long time. After a while we could actually smell the stench of the dead.

"Why could they not be protected also?" someone asked.

The angel answered: "Because all their life they have been lukewarm. Because of their hypocrisy, the true church has been blasphemed. They have brought disrespect to the word of God. They were not clean."

As we continued to look, we saw the sun coming over the horizon. The black clouds began to break up. Then they disappeared. Only one was left - on which Lucifer and his army stood. Lucifer looked at me shaking his fists and said, "I will destroy you even if I have to throw my spear at you from here!" Then that cloud disappeared too.

As I looked around I began to see faces that I recognized among our group. I saw a pastor from Bellflower - another from Indiana - one from Michigan - as well as many of my American friends. This strengthened me greatly. Then I awoke. The first thought that came to my mind as I awoke was that this had been the last fight of the devil against the church. If we remain faithful, we will be victorious.

The Morning Sun

June 19th, 1993

I dreamed I was in a field with some baskets of cherries, and strawberries. I was supposed to go somewhere with them. Suddenly a huge sun appeared in the heavens. It was about three times larger than a normal sun. It became so hot I could barely breathe. A very great number of angels were singing around the sun. There was a very narrow strand of light coming from the sun, all the way down to earth.

All of the angels began to sing with their trumpets. When they began to sing by mouth, the words to the song were:

"My people, wake up! Do not tarry! Do not wait!
The time is very short! Until now many
have traveled on the wide path, but now you
must travel on the narrow path that you may be
saved. This is the final battle of the devil.
Wake up! Wake up! Now the enemy is making war
against all the children of God! It is the
final battle! Many have been taken prisoner,
but you must be strong."

Again the trumpets began to sound. The angels of God, began traveling up and down the narrow strand of light while blowing their trumpets. One of the angels looked toward me and said, "Why are you discouraged and sad? Do not lose your faith. I will repay all your work and suffering. The eyes of many are looking toward your wife to see if she will be healed. In a short time she will be."

"Where is the rest of my family?" I asked.

"Look. They are coming," the angel responded.

As I looked behind me, I saw not only my family, but many other people. All were dressed in white robes, and were walking toward the narrow strand of light. "This is the way toward salvation," the angel said. "The sun that you see is Christ, The Morning Sun that will shine so brightly, all the world will see Him." Then I woke up.

A Call To War

September 1993

(A prophecy) "Cease heading the way you have been going and turn to me," says the Lord. "Lucifer, who is armed for war on his horse, is coming with a powerful army behind him to take vengeance against the children of God. The day is close: a day of terror when Lucifer will try to annihilate all those that live a clean life! A day of pain and terror is near."

"If you could see what is being prepared and what will happen, you would surely quit doing everything you know in your heart to be wrong, and would seek peace more than ever. Be prepared, be holy, and don't give in to the temptations and impulses of the enemy. Seek the Lord your God with all your heart. Those who will be clean, those who will be holy, I will not forget. I will save them," says the Lord. "The armies of the devil are coming with great fury against those who worship Me, and truly seek Me. Pray that I may give you strength, so that before the storm comes I may save you and give you the joy."

"Those that live in defilement, that meditate upon evil things, will have no escape. They will not have My protection. I will destroy Babylon," says the Lord, "because of the wickedness and blasphemy of this country. Not only here, but wherever there is sin, I will punish it harshly. Only the righteous will I save; some even out of the midst of the fire."

"Again I tell you, a dark cloud is gathered. Lucifer, standing on his black horse, is ready for war. The trumpets of the devil are sounding day and night, to all the demons of the deep to be prepared to make war against those who truly live their lives for God. There will be such great turmoil that only few will escape. Those that today only carry the name of "believer" will fight with fury against those who worship Me with a clean heart. This is why I have revealed this to you. Because the days are numbered."

"I reveal to you, I speak to you, I show to you," says the Lord, "but many do not want to remember, saying to themselves, 'Is it truly the Lord speaking this?' Others become scared for the moment, but then they forget and never become pure. Many of those who carry the name of 'Christian' are overcome by greed, fornication, drunkenness, and a pursuit for great wealth. There is no time to lose. The day of destruction and terror is coming soon. The devil is agitated, and a great deception is being prepared. But I tell you, do not fear. I have the power to protect those who obey me. You

must remember the word of God, for if you will not obey, the day of terror will come and you will suffer together with the wicked and defiled. I will punish all the wickedness of this world, and all the sin of this place. Be awake and waiting, because if you will not, you will be punished as the wicked, and also lose your salvation for your disobedience. Disobedience is punished more than anything," says the Holy Spirit. "Pray for your children, and stop them from doing worldly things. Tell them that the wrath of God is coming, and that they must be prepared for that day. Tell them to read the Bible and pray, that I may also save them."

"The great day, the day of terror, the day of affliction, of pain; the day of the punishment of Babylon, prophesied in the Bible, is soon coming, and I will only spare the righteous," says the Lord. "I forgive who I want, I make holy who I want, and I prepare who I want. Judge no one, for Mine is the judgment," says the Lord. "Each of you judge yourself. Pray and draw close to me, and if you will obey I will come to your aid. I will send a chariot of salvation and take each one out in his appointed time."

Book Of The Gentiles

November 7, 1993

On the 6th of November I had a dream, and the as usual I prayed and said, "If this dream is of You Lord, let me dream it one more time." Then, on the night of the 7th, God gave me the dream once again.

In my dream I heard a great commotion, and as I looked, I saw a black cloud coming. From this great darkness a man was riding on the back of a dragon. The man was Lucifer. He was yelling as loud as He could, "We are coming to make war against the holy! We come to be victorious over the holy. We will beat the holy! Victory is ours!"

Then, I saw men, women and children - yelling - terrified - and running! I saw others whom I knew were Christians getting on their knees, praying, "Lord, save us! Lord give us victory! Send your glory! Save our lives Lord! Don't let us down! This is our last battle, when the devil wants to defeat us!"

As everyone was kneeling, and praying, suddenly I heard the devil yelling, "Grab him!" I then realized that he was referring to me. I tried to run, but I could not because my feet hurt. So I just started walking. But from behind, I heard the voice which continued to yell, "Grab him! Grab him, and let us tie him in chains because he has caused me much destruction!"

When I thought that they would grab me, all the people of God, although scared, began to cry out, "Jesus! Jesus!"

Suddenly I saw the black cloud disappear. Then two men dressed in shining clothes, appeared. They were of gigantic size, because I remember I could not see their heads too well. They both spoke with thundering voices; "Do not fear. Christ is the Victor." Each of them had a book in his hands. The books, each the size of a table, were covered with gold thread. Then the two men put the books down on a great table and spoke to me saying, "Open, and read!"

I opened the first book and was told, "This is the Book of Life." The man on my left said, "Whoever finds his name in this book will be saved!" Then He said, "Open the second book!" The words "Book

of the Gentiles" was scrawled on it. I opened it and began to turn page after page, upon which I saw all kinds of different names written. When I reached the end of the book, I found that there were one, and three quarter pages left blank - unwritten. Then one of the two men said to me, "when the total number of the gentiles is completed, the writing in this book will be finished. At that time, what I have shown you will happen: it is then that the beast will try to do battle against the Holy. Remember what I tell you - be prepared, live a holy life, and do not think that you have much time to live on this earth! Jesus is soon returning!"

Then I began to hear a choir singing, "Jesus is returning! Jesus is returning! Be prepared, and be holy. Be ready, for the victory shall be His!" When I looked, there was a choir of angels. Their voice echoed stronger, and stronger, "Jesus is returning!"

While they were singing, the table with the books was lifted up and the two men spoke: "One of us is the angel of the Gentiles, and one of us is the angel of the people of Israel. Do not be afraid. Seek the Lord now. Time is very short and, as you saw the armies of Satan advancing, this is how it will happen." Then the two men were lifted up. I looked around to see what was happening. Everyone was crying. But they were tears of joy. Victory was ours. Then, another choir of angels appeared which began to sing, "Jesus the Savior, wants to save the people, but not those who have blasphemed, and cursed Him. Only those that have lived a clean life, and have fought for Jesus, without holding on to this life, but giving it all to Christ."

The angels once again began to sing with all sorts of instruments. They sang so beautifully! While the choir of angels sang, a garden of indescribable beauty appeared. It was very big, and in it were all kinds of flowers which gave off a lovely fragrance. The smell of the flowers was so strong it almost made me dizzy. At every corner of the garden there was an angel with a fiery sword which he swung around. I tried to go in and see what was in the garden. When I got there I was stopped and told, "No one, no foot of earthly man is allowed to enter here. Only the holy will enter. It is not your time to enter now. When you are called, that is when you will enter. Now, go back." The angel spun the sword before me, and this frightened me.

Then another choir of angels the size of children, appeared. While holding hands they began to sing "Jesus is returning! Wake up, people; be holy, for your salvation is Jesus. He is victorious!"

Their voices - their song - echoed in glorious splendor, and while they continued to sing I heard a loud noise. Everything disappeared, and I awoke.

Examine Your Heart

December 9th. 1993

(A prophecy) "Many are those who sit neglectful loving the world and the things of the world. Many seek the life of the earth, but they do not prepare themselves to meet the Holy One. Jesus is coming! Do not be lazy! Terror and great pain is coming upon the earth. The devil will take upon himself power, and he will attempt to make war with the holy. But Christ the victorious one will come and will save His people. Proud men; all those who pretend to be teachers, yet never living the life; all those who say they worship Me, yet their hearts are far from Me," says the Lord, "I will make them part of the suffering, torment, and terror so they will call upon Me. But I will not answer. Those that today humble themselves and seek Me with a clean heart, in that day, the hard day, will be glad and will rejoice. The power of the devil will increase greatly in this country, and

many Christians will fall in it's chains, because they have dishonored Me with their lives - in their pride, their arrogance and their vanity; thinking they are holy and worshiping me, yet NEVER REALLY worshiping Me."

"The winds and the storms that will begin against the Christians in this country will take many. Those who remain standing will be very few. Humble yourselves. Be holy. Seek Me more than ever, kneeling before Me often, that in the hard days I may save you," says the Lord.

I will Speak To Them

January 1994

One night, during a visit to Texas, I was unable to sleep because I was not feeling well. In my frustration I began to tearfully pray to God, "Lord, if you want me to continue this work, and travel where you send me, give me health, I pray. Give me strength because I feel like I can't do it anymore."

I continued praying fervently with all my heart. Suddenly, a white-haired man with a meek appearance appeared beside my bed. I became tense, but he looked at me with mercy. He put his hand on my head and began to stroke my forehead saying to me, "It is hard for you. I know you are suffering! But it won't be much longer before you will leave these places, because only in this way can I protect you!"

Surprised by what I had just heard, I asked, "Lord! But there are so many in this country who love you - who have devoted their lives to worshiping you - what will you do with them?"

"At the appointed time," he said, "I will speak to them, like I speak to you, as to what they must do."

Without really thinking about it, I raised my hand, and placed it on my forehead over his hand. I felt him withdraw his hand from under mine. Then everything disappeared.

Fire in The Heavens

January 3, 1994

It was past midnight. Unable to sleep, I got on my knees and began to pray. I do not know how long I prayed, but suddenly I began to see a great fire in the heavens. It was so powerful that to me it seemed like the sky was burning. Then a man dressed in shiny clothes stepped out of the fire. On his head He had a helmet. In His right hand He had a sword out of which flames of fire kept erupting. In His left hand He had a trumpet into which He began to blow. The sounds that the trumpet made were actually words which were uttered in many different languages. I did not understand what they were saying, but I caught some Hebrew words and also some English words. When I was straining to understand and troubling myself over what the voice had said, I heard it speak in Romanian. "This is the last warning," the trumpet blew, "The day of God's vengeance is coming upon the earth and upon this place! Be prepared and be holy, My people, that I may save you!"

After these words, arrows of fire began to dance on the sky. They were so powerful that I became scared. Beginning to pray again, I saw the same thing all over. Then, while still praying, the same thing was shown to me a third time.

The Savior Returns As Judge

January 24, 1994

It was seven o'clock in the morning when I woke up. I still felt a little tired, so I stayed in bed longer to rest. Then I fell asleep and dreamed that I was in an American church service, when the building began to move violently. Because they did not know what was happening, the people inside panicked and quickly began to run out. I succeeded in walking out also, but with every step I tried to take, it seemed like I was sinking into the ground. I began to look around to find something to support myself with so I could walk. I heard a voice that said, "Look up, and see the heavens!"

I looked up. As far as the eye could see, all the sky was blood red. I said, "Lord! What does this mean? Why is the sky red?" Then I remembered my father telling me that before the great war the sky turned blood red.

As I stood looking toward the sky a cloud suddenly appeared. Three men came out of the cloud. The middle one was dressed in shiny clothes and was of very great stature. He shined so brightly that I could not look at him. The other two, one on his right, and one on his left, were prepared for war. They had weapons in their hands that were pointed toward the inhabitants of the earth. Trembling, I asked, "Lord, what am I seeing? What does all this mean?"

When the one in the middle spoke in a thunderous voice, all those around me were able to see him: "I am Jesus Christ who gave my life for you. Many of those whom I gave my life for, today dishonor me, living in sin and things that are wrong. The honor and glory I deserve is not given to Me. For this I have no more mercy, but will soon return in glory and honor as judge to judge all the inhabitants of earth. But first, I will judge those that carry the name of Christians, yet have tried to deceive Me. Because of them My name was, and is, dishonored and blasphemed before those that do not know Me".

"And about you", He said to me, "be awake! Be on guard more than ever, for you will go through many trials. Now the battle will begin to get harder. The devil is ready to begin war against the Christians, and I have allowed this."

Then the two men beside him began to fire their weapons. A salvo of fire came out, lighting the sky, and it began to burn. The one who shone brightly stood in the midst of the flames, crying out with a loud voice, "Do not fear! All those who worshiped Me and have lived a clean life - those that suffered here on earth - will have joy. For I am the one who will judge all of the nationalities of the earth. I will spare no one, and will not have mercy or grace for anyone. The day when I will punish and condemn is coming. I tell these things for everyone to hear. Hard days of suffering are coming to this place and over the whole earth. The hardships will be so great that the minds of man will not be able to understand it. It will be so hard that men will kill themselves. I will judge through torment, pain and suffering, and will take revenge with great harshness for all sin. The Father has allowed me to avenge my spilled blood."

The other two began to fire their weapons again, but this time a blue flame came out. I fell with my face to the ground. The one in the middle yelled, "Get up! I want to show you the judgment of the people and the wicked. But the hardest judgment will be received by the church because they knew My word and My power, but many of them dishonored Me, giving into defilement, adulteries, wickedness, and dishonored My name before men who did not know Me. For this, I am filled with rage, and I have been given the authority to take revenge against the inhabitants of the earth - those who have dishonored Me."

The two that stood at either side of Him began to fire again. A heavenly choir appeared and began to sing a song in the most beautiful splendor: "Jesus is alive. Jesus lives. Jesus is alive. Jesus reigns. Jesus is coming in glory. Jesus is no longer Savior, but returns as Judge." I began to cry. I cried with tears of joy. I was in an atmosphere of incredible beauty.

The choir continued to sing as the two men with the weapons introduced themselves. The one on the right said, "I am the head of the Lord's armies, Gabriel". The one on the left said, "I am Michael, the leader of the Lord's armies. We are at the Lamb's command, and wherever the Lamb goes, we accompany Him." The choir continued to sing and everything began to fade. I woke up with the words, "Jesus is no longer coming as a Savior, but as a judge".

Letters To The Churches

March 1994

I had gone to bed early - about 8:00 p.m. I woke up between midnight and 1:00 a.m. I got up and prayed, then went back to bed. I dreamed there was a lot of turmoil outside, and I kept hearing everyone yell, "Jesus is coming! Jesus is coming!" I looked out, and saw a very large red cloud. When I looked at it, its outer edges could not be seen. As I continued to look, I saw a tall man come out of the cloud. He was so tall that, although his feet touched the ground, I could not see his head. Rays of light began to explode out of the man. When one would pass by me, I would fall to the ground. I could not look at him with my eyes because he was too bright. He then began to hand me letters. They were addressed to certain churches. I knew that these must be American churches because I did not recognize the names as being Romanian. The first letter said, "My people who are discouraged and beaten by the storms, many who have let themselves be beaten by the enemy, stand up! Cry out before God, that He may save you!"

The man kept coming and giving me more letters with names of churches of different denominations, and also independent churches. He gave me very many papers. Then he said to me, "When you finish taking these papers where you are supposed to, you will see something that you have never seen before."

There was a thunder and the voice spoke again: "Tell all my people to pray and to repent. The days have been shortened because of all the iniquities. My people, repent, because the days are numbered."

I began to see the days passing by, but whenever the ray of light would pass by me, I would fall. The days were passing so quickly that I could not count them.

The voice spoke again, "Tell my people that I tried to wake them up through powerful storms, fires, floods and earthquakes, but even then they would not wake up. This is why I will pour out my wrath when they least expect it."

The angel gave me a scripture: Joel 2:12-13, "Now therefore says the Lord, Turn to Me with all your heart, with fasting, with weeping and with mourning. So rend your heart, and not your garments; Return to the Lord your God for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness; and He relents from doing harm."

After these things, the cloud, and the angel began to fade away.

When I awoke, I was wet with sweat...

The 3 Scrolls

July 1, 1994

It was past midnight. I could not sleep because I felt inside that God was going to speak to me, so I began to pray. After I prayed, I went to bed and fell asleep. I dreamed that I began to hear thunder and see lightning. The earth began to move and shake violently. I yelled to my family, "Wake up, because something is happening outside!" When I got outside there was such a darkness that I could not see anything. Yet, in that great darkness, I could hear the voices of children, women and men screaming. I told my family to be careful of how they walked.

From the clouds that released this darkness on the earth, I heard a powerful voice say, "I am taking revenge against the sin. I am taking revenge that they may see my power! With as much as I've blessed them, that is how much I will send destruction! I will send storms, heavy rains, flooding, earthquakes, hurricanes and tornadoes, because I want them to see my power, and know that without Me they can do nothing. They trusted in themselves and in their own strengths. This is why I will punish this place."

The earth moved as if it were on water. The people lived in a complete terror; each one yelling louder than the other - not being able to understand anything. The earth shook so violently that I was unable to walk. Suddenly, in the midst of all the tumult, a light appeared - more powerful than any I've ever seen! In the shining light there were two men. One of them said to me, "I came to talk with you. I will send great plagues over America and I want you to be aware. I am the one who talked with you in the past and I am talking with you now. I told you what will happen in this place. Be cautious, for the time is drawing near!"

After saying these words, he took out a scroll which began to unroll very quickly. It was so long that I could not see its end. On this first scroll of paper were written all kinds of names. Beside each name was listed either "punish," a type of disease, (all kinds were listed), "trial," or "torment." Those named will have to go through what is listed by their name, in order to be cleansed and be able to stand.

That scroll was then rolled up and sealed, and a second one was brought out. On it was written, "Peace, joy in the Holy Spirit, salvation or victory for those that loved Me and worked for Me and kept their life clean - not for the hypocrites, the proud, the boastful, the hateful..." (...nor others which I cannot recall.) The scroll continued to pass by slowly before my eyes until it finished passing.

Then a third scroll was opened which had names written on it, also. Yet there was something written only beside the names on the top half. From the halfway mark down by each name there were flashing stars. I asked what this meant. One of the men said to me, "These are those with whom the number will be completed. The seed of God has reached their hearts, and is even now working toward repentance. When the total number will be complete, all of the devastation will begin. Until then, I will send great plagues over America that they may wake up from the sleep with which they are sleeping, and from their self reliance; that they may see their pride and boastfulness."

It then began to rain ice and hail. The people were scattering all over not knowing which way to go. From the terror of the screams I woke up.

This dream was so real to me, that I went directly outside to see if it were not happening at that moment.

Numbered Days

November 21, 1994

(A prophecy) "Awaken my people", says the voice of the Lord. "Be passive no longer. Draw closer today more than ever, for the day of my vengeance is ready to begin. I will shake the earth from it's foundation, and I will require punishment of all those that say they do my will, yet through what they do they blaspheme my name. I will punish prophets, preachers, singers, and all those that do a work, yet they do it for their own glory. I will judge, and punish the entire world. Only those that today sit at my feet in meekness, weeping, and worshiping me, asking for my help, will rejoice in the protection of the arm of the Lord on that day."

"Forsake every evil thought, all the empty words, all covetousness, pride and hypocrisy, because in whatever you are used, it is not you doing it but I the Lord. Where are my clean gifts that I have poured among you; speaking in tongues, prophecy, and other gifts that were given unto you? Where is my power?" says the Lord.

"Change your hearts today, my people, for the days are numbered until I will begin to avenge. My eye sees in the light, as well as in the darkness, my people. There is no where you can hide from the eye of God. Liars, impostors, those that are covetous, and all those that have only a form of Godliness, but deny the power of God, I will judge them, and then I will judge the whole world. I will shake it from it's foundations. In many places there will be massacres. Those that today worship me with faithfulness will be the only ones protected on that day. The horn is ready to sound for the start of the battle. The days are numbered until you will hear the sound, when the armies of heaven will begin the battle against the inhabitants of earth. No army in the world will be able to stand against the armies of heaven, and the army of hell will not be able to raise it's head against the Lord's army. Yet, those that worshiped me in spirit and in truth, I will protect, for I am God. Everything you see around you will be no more. Everything will be destroyed and burn in fire. Do not be passive. Draw close to me, for I come to avenge, and fulfill all that was said in the past," says the Lord.

The Beast Strikes

January 21, 1995

(Brother Duduman was in Romania at this time)

I fell asleep sometime around midnight. About 2:00 a.m. I heard a loud voice saying to me "Dumitru! Wake up! I must show you something!" Even though I was ill, I jumped to my feet, without realizing that I was awake. Then I realized I wasn't even in Romania. I saw myself in America.

A powerful voice spoke sternly to me, "Why have you become discouraged? Why did you try to question God, thinking in your heart that I have left you? Why do you keep so much sadness in your heart, and such a great mourning because I took your wife? Why have you allowed yourself to become discouraged so that you will no longer be able to work for me as you have until now? This is why I have come to you, to show you a revelation, which you must tell the American people."

The voice boomed at me, telling me to look to my right. I was awake - not sleeping. I was standing, and I turned my head as ordered. When I looked, I saw that there was a great flock of black birds, with very sharp, large beaks. Out of the beaks came a blinding light, which you could barely look at. From their tails I saw flames of fire shooting out. I became very frightened. I rubbed my eyes, thinking I was asleep and dreaming. But I was neither sleeping nor dreaming.

This flock of birds suddenly turned into airplanes that did not make any noise. American airplanes would go up, trying to attack. But as they would draw close, they would fall to the earth in a blaze of fire.

Once again, I heard the voice, but I could not see who was speaking to me. The voice said, "Look higher than the black planes." When I looked, above the planes, I saw a helicopter which hovered above them. On the side of the helicopter there was a plank, like on a ship, where soldiers were lined up, dressed in black, all armed the same, and of about the same size. From the center of the helicopter, a platform began to raise up. It rose higher than the helicopter itself.

On the platform was a throne. The Pope was on the throne, yelling with a loud voice, "I have been given the power to rule the earth and to fight against the Protestants, that I may overtake them."

As I watched him with terror and fear - because he was surrounded by a powerful force which was formed by planes and personnel - suddenly a white cloud appeared and covered them, so I could no longer see anything. Out of the midst of the white cloud came a man dressed in shining clothes, wearing a shiny crown on his head. He spoke to me. His voice sounded like thunder. When I heard his voice, I fell to the ground.

He said, "Remember everything you've heard, everything you've seen, and everything you will hear. Tell my people, because once again I want to work with you more than I have until now. The armies, and the planes that you saw, and the Beast that sat upon the helicopter - these are the catholic powers which will overtake the holy, that the words prophesied in Revelation may come to pass. A majority of my people will be overtaken and trampled because their lives are not clean before their Lord. Tell this message to them! Do not be quiet! For if you are quiet, I will punish you! The churches are fraudulent (counterfeit, fake). They live a life as their hearts desire, with their hands stained in blood - in adultery, in sodomy, and worshipping strange and foreign gods. Because they have forsaken the true God, He has allowed them to go as their hearts desired. Now, tell them! Cry out loud! Tell them to stop treading the path their hearts desire - to repent with all their

hearts, that in the day of the Beast's anger I may be able to save them, so they would not deny me. The time is very short, and the army of their salvation is already prepared."

Again, He spoke to me, "Look to your right." When I looked, I saw such a vast army that my eyes could not encompass it. "This is the army I have prepared to save my people from the Beast's grasp. Do not forget to tell them the words that I have told you. I will give you a spirit of remembrance." The voice continued speaking to me, "I will come and bring you more revelations about the times of the end."

Then again, I heard a thunder. Then the white cloud and the being disappeared. I was so terrified that I was unable to sleep the rest of the night.

Israel and America

November 22, 1995

It was as if, I was in Israel. A tall man came, took me by the hand, and said, "Come, let me show you the Holy City." When we reached the Holy City, all of it was covered in a black netting, from top to bottom. On top, at it's peak, the city had a black flag.

After seeing these things, I asked the man that was with me, "What does this mean?"

"Look up, and you will see the meaning," he said. When I looked up, I saw a black emblem, on which there was gold writing. It said, "Israel! You dishonor Me and you mock Me. You trust in the powers of men. Because you will not return unto Me, I have this against you, and I will punish you with great fury. This is also to purify some who want to call upon me with a clean heart. The shame and blasphemy that they have caused has reached heaven."

After I read these things, the man standing beside me said, "Let us leave this place, or we will be caught in the wrath." It seemed I was suddenly on an American plane, which was about to land with me in California. When I was about to disembark, I heard sirens which howled loudly, and a great sound of many plane engines was heard. The man with me said, "The punishment draws closer. Look closely and read."

When I looked up, I saw a written scroll appear before my eyes. The writing was in Romanian. It said, "American people; those of you who have dishonored and mocked me; you who have brought hatred and blasphemy against My name throughout the world; for these things My vengeance draws closer. As for My children, those who have worshiped Me with all their hearts, I will fight before them and I will give them victory and safety. I will separate those who have worshiped Me from those who have not, as I separated Goshen and Egypt." I tried to read it one more time, but I could not. The writing had gathered into the scroll.

The noise of the engines grew even louder. The man beside me turned to me and said, "These are planes loaded with atom bombs, and no one, and nothing will be able to stop them." Then, suddenly, a great number of black planes lifted off the ground like a flock of birds. I knew the planes were American, but I had no knowledge of what their purpose was or what they were supposed to do. Then the written scroll was thrown before me. I stepped closer to pick it up, but when I drew near, I saw that it burned with a blue flame. The flame began to climb into the sky. As I was looking at the flame, I heard a voice coming from it saying, "My Word is righteous. I am the Christ who has

brought this news to you. Do not be quiet. Tell the American people all that I have told you, and all that I have revealed to you ahead of time; for the destruction which is coming over them I did not allow to come unannounced. The punishment is even at the door."

The man beside me spoke again, "Look up." When I looked I could not see the sky because there were so many planes. Then the man said to me. "Thank the Lord for what He has shown you." Then, I began to pray and thank God.

While I was praying I heard a prophecy for myself. "Get ready, and sanctify yourself, you and yours, that you and yours may not take part in the trials that are ahead. This is why I have shown you these things. I have shown you what is to come in a short while. All that you have seen is at the door, because the sin and wickedness have reached the throne of God's mercy." Then there was great lightening and thunder. I fell to the ground and was awakened from my sleep.

One Page Remains

January 1996

As I was riding in the car from Kansas toward Nebraska, I saw a large star appear before me. This star appeared, and disappeared before my eyes 4 times. I told my grandson what I had seen, and he said, "pray, and see what God shows you."

The next evening as I was praying, I saw the star again. It shone with such intensity, that it took my eyesight away. Two men walked out of this star, dressed in shining garments. One spoke to me: "Dumitru, listen and remember. Your returning to America was my plan, and my decision. I still have names to add to the number before all the things that I have shown you will happen."

They opened a great book and said, "do you remember how many pages were left to fill when I showed you last time? Now, there is but one page left. When this is completed, what I have told you will happen to America." The man proceeded to tell me that the time it would take for this page to be filled, would not be longer, but shorter. He closed the book, and sounds of thunder reverberated.

Frightened of what I had seen, I continued to pray.

China and Russia

A Vision Received by Brother Dumitru Duduman April 22, 1996

I prayed, then went to bed. I was still awake, when suddenly I heard a trumpet sound. A voice cried out to me, "Stand!"

In my vision, I was in America. I walked out of my home, and began to look for the one who had spoken to me. As I looked, I saw three men dressed alike. Two of the men carried weapons. One of the armed men came to me. "I woke you to show you what is to come." He said. "Come with me."

I didn't know where I was being taken, but when we reached a certain place he said, "stop here!"

A pair of binoculars was handed to me, and I was told to look through them.

"Stand there, don't move, and look," he continued. "You will see what they are saying, and what they are preparing for America."

As I was looking, I saw a great light. A dark cloud appeared over it. I saw the president of Russia, a short, chubby man, who said he was the president of China, and two others. The last two also said where they were from, but I did not understand. However, I gathered they were part of Russian controlled territory. The men stepped out of the cloud.

The Russian president began to speak to the Chinese one. "I will give you the land with all the people, but you must free Taiwan of the Americans. Do not fear, we will attack them from behind."

A voice said to me, "Watch where the Russians penetrate America."

I saw these words being written: Alaska; Minnesota; Florida.

Then, the man spoke again, "When America goes to war with China, the Russians will strike without warning."

The other two presidents spoke, "We, too, will fight for you." Each had a place already planned as a point of attack.

All of them shook hands and hugged. Then they all signed a contract. One of them said, "We're sure that Korea and Cuba will be on our side, too. Without a doubt, together, we can destroy America."

The president of Russia began to speak insistently, "Why let ourselves be led by the Americans? Why not rule the world ourselves? They have to be kicked out of Europe, too! Then I could do as I please with Europe!"

The man standing beside me asked, "This is what you saw: they act as friends, and say they respect the treaties made together. But everything I've shown you is how it will REALLY happen. You must tell them what is being planned against American. Then, when it comes to pass, the people will remember the words the Lord has spoken."

Who are you?" I asked.

"I am the protector of America. America's sin has reached God. He will allow this destruction, for He can no longer stand such wickedness. God however, still has people that worship Him with a clean heart as they do His work. He has prepared a heavenly army to save these people."

As I looked, a great army, well armed and dressed in white, appeared before me.

"Do you see that?" the man asked. "This army will go to battle to save My chosen ones. Then, the difference between the Godly and the ungodly will be evident."

The Future Of Israel

A dream received by Brother Dumitru Duduman June 17th and 18th, 1996 in Tiberias, Israel. The dream was first received on the 17th and then again on the 18th. For two days afterwards Dumitru was physically sick every time he tried to recount this dream so it could be recorded.

After eight days of traveling through Israel, I asked myself: "Why did I come here? All I see is land and a people that are wicked. Why did I come here? After I thought about this, I prayed and fell asleep.

In this dream the five of us; myself, my two grandsons and the couple we were staying with in Israel, were on the Sea of Galilee in Israel and we were looking around. We noticed how nice and warm it was. A good place for a vacation. At once, I heard a voice from my left side. It said: "You didn't come just for this. Look at me." I looked and saw a man in white, shining clothing. He was crying with tears running down his cheeks.

"Who are you, and why do you cry?" I asked.

"I am Jesus Christ, and I am looking over my blood relatives and my people for whom I gave my life. Their sins have put a wall between God and themselves. God has decided to bring back all of the scattered people from the nations. Instead of thanking God for watching over them, giving them safe passage, they have become even more wicked than they were in the nations they left. I am crying because of the tribulation that is to overcome them. They say they keep the Sabbath, but they don't. They say they keep my laws, but they do not. All the nations of the world have their eyes on this place, thinking that this place is holy. They come to seek holiness, and see an example in this place. This place is not holy, but has become defiled. Because of this, God has decided to take peace from this country. They do not trust in the peace God provides, but seek to make their own peace. God can no longer stand their sins. Because of their wickedness, look and see how punishment will come upon Israel."

I then saw a cloud of airplanes, in formation from the left (Golan Heights*) and a large army coming from a corner (Yarmouk River valley*) with every kind of weapon. They had horses, carriages, cars, tanks, and soldiers on foot. I began to hear screaming from my right, and asked: "Can you stop this?"

"Until they pass through hard times, they will not recognize me as God, and will not call upon me for help." He answered. "You will be sad, and sorrowful when you leave this place," Jesus said, "but after a time your heart will be full of joy. Tell those who love me, that I first loved them. They will be saved. I am the eternal One. I do not change. Everything that I have told you will come to pass."

"You will go in peace" Jesus said. Then there was a loud roar of thunder, and we were looking for a place to hide because we thought that the war had started. A lightning bolt came down in front of us, but Jesus said: "Do not be afraid, you will leave this place in peace. Tell the people what you have seen."

*We were visiting the Galilee and I pointed in the direction where the airplanes and army came from, and the people I was staying with identified these places.

The Bear In Leopard Skin

1996

After three and a half weeks of traveling throughout America, I finally made it back home. Nothing out of the ordinary, other than being a bit tired. To my surprise, as well as my family's on Halloween day, while shopping at a nearby supermarket, I couldn't breathe anymore. The children were alarmed and took me to the emergency room. In a short time I was in a hospital bed. According to what the doctors said, I was almost dead, having one diagnosis after another confirm their suspicions. I now realize that if it wasn't for God's intervention, I would not be alive today. The reason I am still among you, is that God still needs me. Satan's plan was to end my life. This was shown to me numerous times while I was in the hospital. No matter how bad I felt in my body, I was always aware of everything happening around me. As I was speaking to one of my grandchildren, who was staying with me, I suddenly saw a great beast appear in the doorway of my room. It leaped at me, with its jaws open, ready to tear me apart. It looked like a bear, covered in leopard skin. It was large enough, that I could stand fully erect inside its jaws. Then from my right, a man appeared dressed in white, with a sword in his hand. He thrust his sword at the beast, saying: "Enough. You are not allowed to harm him." This was shown to me 3 times, and it terrified me. Nevertheless, I knew that someone was there to protect me.

Maybe Three Years

November 29, 1996

As I was laying in my hospital bed, looking over the faces of my family, three men appeared beside me. One had a globe in his hand, and he began to rotate it and point out certain countries saying: "This is where the destruction will come from." I don't remember all the places he pointed to, but I remember I saw Mexico, Cuba, and the Alaskan border. Then one of the men spoke to me; "we fought against dearth for you. It was a hard fight. Do not fear you will not leave. You still have work to do."

Suddenly, 3 stars appeared behind them. One of them asked; "Do you know what that means?"

"No" I answered.

"We won't say exactly, but it probably means that in another 3 years a great massacre will occur." Then the stars turned into blood, and everything disappeared.

Seven Moons

March 29, 1997

I was fishing with Sergiu and Daniel, my two grandsons. We were in a place called Hot Springs. Suddenly, a moon appeared, which shined exceedingly bright. Six smaller moons came out of the large one. As every moon appeared it would cause winds, storms and tornadoes to start. The people seemed very agitated; they would run from place to place. I then told my grandson, "We have nowhere to run. There are mountains all around us and the storms are getting worse." Trees were flying around, homes were being demolished and although the wind was blowing with such intensity, we did not feel it. Daniel was very scared. A man appeared at the edge of the moon holding a smaller moon in his hand. "These will be just some of the punishments this country will

endure" he said. "Through wind, storms, tornadoes and disasters I will weaken their strength." Then I awoke.

A Great Bear

1997

Two days before taking my father to the hospital, I heard his voice in the early morning hours. "I saw something." As usual I got my recorder and went to his bedside. He would not let me record it. I don't remember everything he said, but I would like to share with you that which I do remember. My father stated, "The Lord showed me a very large bear. It was as big as a building, and it began to do battle with an unarmed man." "Do you see what I have shown you" a voice said, "This is how it will be when the hardships come over America. No one will be able to defend her. Only those that trust in Me will be spared. Everything will start as a heavy rain on a sunny day. At a time you least expect it." There was more, but I do not remember the rest.

Virginia Boldea.

The Lawless One

The first of 3 final messages given to Dumitru in 1997.

I have spoken to you as a father speaks to his own children. I have shown you what will be that you may prepare your hearts and strengthen your spirits for the day of battle. Dark days are soon coming upon the earth. Days of mourning and great sadness. I tarry for those that seek me with a pure heart. I give strength to those who seek me continually. The lawless one has been prepared and he is ready to reveal himself. He awaits his release. He will come with a lying tongue and deceiving words. I will protect My own and I will deliver them even out of the clutches of the enemy. Those that will be strong until the end, those that will be called to be living testimonies for my name's sake will receive the crown of life. Let righteousness be your banner and My word be your guide. Be rooted in the truth. As the dawn comes to chase away the night, so will the darkness rule only for its allotted time. Be strong in the knowledge that I protect and watch over all who are Mine. Amen.

Fight The Good Fight

The 2nd of 3 final messages given to Dumitru in April of 1997.

I was on a large plain; it seemed to go on forever. I couldn't see the edges, but I know I was somewhere very high. The clouds seemed so close to where I stood that if I reached out, I could see this plain covered with beautiful grass that was all the same height. The sky was calm and beautiful and there was a feeling of peace in this place.

There were no buildings, no trees, no flowers, just the earth and the sky. As I continued to look around me, I saw a change in the sky. The clouds began to roll to the sides, and I saw a city come down from the clouds. It continued to descend until it reached the ground where I stood. I was

amazed by what I saw, and I began to study it intently. I have traveled the world a lot, but I have never seen anything like what I was seeing.

The entire structure was so beautiful that it took your breath away. It was all white and it shone so brightly that one could barely look at it. It was so large that if I stood at one corner and looked to see the other end, I could not. As I was trying to find an entrance to this place, I studied the walls and couldn't make out what they were built from. It seemed that it was built as a whole, all from one giant mass. There were no bricks, there were no cracks in the walls, there was no mortar.

As I stood, to my left there was a building that was very tall, and smaller buildings continued along the wall. It seemed like the entire city was under one roof. Although the buildings were different, they were connected between themselves.

As I continued to look, I saw the stairs that led to an entrance, and they shone brighter than anything I've ever seen. They were gigantic, as was the wall that surrounded the city. No one would be able to force their way into this place. I don't know what sort of material it was built from, but I got the impression that those inside, could see out. Wanting to find out what waited inside, I began to climb the stairs. I didn't get very far, because I heard a powerful voice which drowned out everything else. "Stop!" Even if I had wanted to continue walking I could not. It was as if I was paralyzed. "Tell my people, that their worship toward Me must be not out of fear, but out of love. Of what use will it be to them if I would tell them when the final hour will strike? What they must do is worship wholeheartedly. I have already sent them a guide. They have My Word. In My Word it has already been revealed that I will come as a thief in the night. Tell them that concern over tomorrow should not be found in them. They must be faithful and fight the good fight. Love me as I have loved them, living in love. Behold destruction is fast approaching, but I will not hesitate to be protector for my chosen. Those that sow mercy shall receive mercy from Me. Tell my people not to worry about the seasons, but meditate on how they will stand before Me. Urge them to prepare for the day when I will show my power. Look!"

When I turned, I saw a small child that was trying to climb the stairs. He tried, but because he was too small he could never make it to the next step. His laughter however echoed throughout like a bell. Even though he kept falling, he showed no sign of sadness, but just kept trying. "Did I not leave you this parable as an example?" Then everything disappeared.

The Bear Awakes

The last of 3 final messages given to Dumitru in April of 1997.

I knelt beside my bed to pray, as I do every night before I go to sleep. After finishing my prayer, I opened my eyes but I was no longer in my room. Instead, I found myself in a forest. I looked around and to my right I saw a man, dressed in white, who pointed his finger and said, "See and remember." It took me a while to find out what he was pointing at. It was a small bear who seemed half dead lying on the ground. As I continued to watch this bear, it began to breathe deeper. With every passing minute it seemed to revive itself, and as I watched, it also became angrier. It then began to grow. Soon it was larger than the forest floor and as it grew larger it continued to become angrier. It then began to paw the ground, so that when its paw would hit the ground, the earth would shudder. The bear continued to devastate all that stood in its path until it came upon some men with sticks trying to fend it off. By this time, the bear had grown so large that it simply crushed the men underfoot and continued to rampage. I was stunned by what I saw and asked the man

standing beside me, "What does this mean?" "At first, they thought the great bear was dead," the man said. "As it will begin to stir once again, they will consider it harmless. Suddenly it will grow strong once more with purpose and violence. God will blind the eyes of those that continue to trample on the sacrifice of Christ's blood, until the day the bear will strike swiftly. This day will catch them unprepared and it will be just as you saw." The man then said, "Tell my people the days are numbered and the sentence has been passed. If they will seek My face and walk in righteousness before Me, I will open their eyes that they may see the danger approach. If they only look to the approaching danger, they too will be caught up and trampled underfoot. Only in righteousness will they find safety." Suddenly, I was once again by myself in my room, on my knees, with sweat covering my face.

The Message About Iraq

1991

Dear Brethren

2 Peter 3:9, "**The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some count slackness, but is long suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance.**"

In the summer of 1991, my grandfather gave a word that we would once again be entangled in conflict with Iraq. I remember it well, because after we put the prophecy in our newsletter, we received many phone calls from angry people at our Fullerton apartment, calling us everything from liars, to frauds because it had not happened. I was the only one that spoke English at the time, so I answered the calls. I told my grandfather about the first one, and he said, "tell them God is not on our time clock, we are on His." It hurt to have to answer those calls, because I knew my grandfather had only spoken what God had shown him.

Eleven years later, it seems that word is coming to pass. I am not writing this to say we were right, or to gloat, but because there are some overzealous ministries who have added to the original word, and I don't want there to be any misunderstanding. The prophecy, was simply this: That America would be going back to war with Iraq, and that Israel would involve itself in the turmoil. There was never any mention of nuclear weapons as some have said.

With that having been said, due to the small size of our ministry, I have had the opportunity to meet most of you personally. I have shaken your hands, I have looked into your eyes, and I know you are men and women of prayer. I urge you this day, pray for America as never before. As in the coming months we will discover more threats from within, and new enemies from without, the uncertainty and turmoil will continue to grow. The conflict with Iraq will not be as easy, or as quick as some would like to think, and as with any war, bloodshed is inevitable.

It is our duty as children of God, to pray for repentance, wisdom, and mercy. To pray for our nation, and our leaders, that their eyes may be opened, and their hearts may turn toward God. He hears the prayers of His children. May we, as Moses, stand in the breach, and pray the Lord turn away from his wrath. If only for a season, pray that He terries, for there are many souls yet to be saved, and many lives yet to be reached.

In His goodness, God has revealed all that is to be to His children. Not to bring fear into their hearts, but to cause them to be fruitful, and use the time that He has allotted them wisely. Let us labor while it is still day, let us do all things as unto the Lord, and let us pray.

Ezekiel 7:12, "The time has come, the day draws near. Let not the buyer rejoice, nor the seller mourn, for wrath is on their whole multitude."

Zephaniah 2:3, "Seek the Lord, all you meek of the earth, who have upheld his justice. Seek righteousness, seek humility. It may be that you will be hidden in the day of the Lord's anger."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

The Final Warning

September 11, 2001

It was September 11th and the world was at peace. Less than ten hours prior, I had hugged my wife and said goodbye to my father who had driven me to the airport. After a two hour layover and a three hour delay in Zurich, I was finally on my way to Chicago. Throughout this time, I was struggling with myself. I knew I was going on tour to share and fellowship with fellow brothers and sisters, but as yet I had no message. All I knew was that the urgency of God's words to my heart concerning me touring grew with more intensity until I finally agreed to go. God had not spoken to me concerning what I would share throughout my time in America. I shared this with my mother, Virginia, before leaving, and all she said was "God will show you when it is time." We were about four hours away from landing when the captain came on the overhead speaker and said we would have to be returning to Zurich. He mentioned something about a terrorist attack, a terrible accident, and that American airspace had been shut down. My heart skipped a beat, and I felt sick. The only thought that came to my mind was, "God has it begun already?"

A stewardess passing through the isles saw I was pale, and she came and asked me if I wanted a sedative. I turned her down, closed my eyes, and began to pray. I knew something terrible had happened, but was this it? Was this the time of which God has been speaking for the past fifteen years? I continued to pray, while some passengers became agitated demanding information, trying to call from the air phones without success, and guessing at what had happened. Finally I heard a voice, and I opened my eyes to see who was speaking to me. The man sitting to my right was engaged in conversation with another passenger sitting to his right, and I realized it was not the voice of man I was hearing. I closed my eyes once more and began to pray. Then I heard the voice again. It said, "Now you know why you must go. Be at peace, it is not yet the hour of judgment. This is my final warning. The season is at hand. I will guide and protect those that will draw unto me. Be bold and speak the truth. Plead with them and urge them to repent for the night comes quickly. Speak the words that have been on your heart and on your lips since your youth. I will guide you now as I guided my servant before you."

As I write this, it is September 12th. I am in a motel room in Zurich awaiting news on when we can resume our flights. I have seen glimpses of the devastation, but this is only the beginning. For fifteen years I have prayed this time would not come. I hoped against hope that my Grandfather was just another Jonah, and that I would be mocked and laughed at for continuing to speak this message

of repentance and judgment. My family, and even Hand of Help, would have gladly endured the ridicule if America would have repented and turned to God and in turn, God would have held back his wrath. Time is running out dear ones. Repentance has been put off for far too long. Today is the day we must stand before God with repentance not only on our lips, but also on our hearts. You are all in my prayers, and as I travel I hope to fellowship with many of you. Be at peace dear souls. God is still in control, He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords and will be forevermore. May His Light shine upon you, and may His peace flood your hearts.

Michael Boldea Jr.

The Finger

Vision given to Michael Boldea.

I must relate to all who read our web-site the Revelations from the Holy Spirit as they were given to our ministry prior to 9-11 and last fall. About a year before 911 Michael Boldea and I were driving to the airport in Seattle Washington. Michael was driving and I was sleeping. It was about 3:30 in the morning. I know that I heard the car almost go off the highway and as I woke up Michael was alarmed and he looked very disturbed. I asked him if anything was wrong and he said "I will tell you later." The next day I again asked Michael what happened as he was driving and he said "I had a very powerful vision." "In the vision I saw a map of America and a finger approached the map and dug itself into the map up to the knuckle of the hand." "A voice started speaking..." I will allow a great event over this nation to try and wake her up." Michael asked why, and the voice said "because of this!" and Michael was taken to the inside of a large Church and he was in the foyer area of the church as they were having service. He heard alot of snoring coming from inside the church and it was so loud he could hear it in the foyer. The voice spoke again, "because many of my people are still asleep." "Many refuse to wake up, and this is why I will allow this trial to come over America." The vision disappeared and Michael said it was all like watching a movie. It was not long after this that 9-11 occurred.

Bro Geno.

The Fist

Prophecy given to Michael in Romania.

I picked Michael up to start our fall 2002 tour from O'hare airport. I wanted to know if the Holy Spirit had said anything about America while Michael was in Romania. It was clear God had and Michael related to me about the vision with the finger in it and asked if I recalled that. I said I did and Michael said the Holy Spirit is warning that if America does not repent it will not be a finger that represents God's warning or judgement it will be a fist. This means the protection of God will draw back and America will have a cataclysmic event take place greater then 9-11. We pray this does not occur but God has seen what is clear to many of us that His warning on 9-11 was only heeded by a small number of people and apostacy, indifference, sexual sin, divorce, removing references to God from court houses, schools, and even an attempt to take "under God" from the pledge all mean one thing. America is stubborn and proud and has not repented.

Bro Geno.

The Season Of Sorrow

May 5, 2003

Dear Brethren,

Jeremiah 10:12-13, "He has made the earth by His power, He has established the world by His wisdom, and has stretched out the heavens at His discretion. When He utters His voice, there is a multitude of waters in the heavens: and He causes the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth. He makes lightning for the rain, He brings the wind out of His treasures."

It was May 5, and it had been six years since my grandfather had gone to be with the Lord. I spent the day with my little brother Daniel, the only other member of the family currently in the US, and we kept the memory of our grandfather alive by remembering. We remembered him not as Reverend Duduman, or the Romanian man who had dreams, but as what he was to us, simply grandpa. The man who bounced us on his knee while we were still toddlers, the man who became our instant hero when he stood in the middle of a river on a hot summer's day, and proceeded to catch fish with his bare hands. It was a good time of bonding for us as brothers, and we both came away with the conclusion that even after all this time, we still missed him a great deal.

That night, after prayer, I went to bed and I had a dream. I dreamt I was on a very high ridge, with a great valley spanning out beneath me. The night was calm, the moon and stars shining brightly in the sky. As I looked around trying to get my bearings, I was stunned to see my grandfather standing next to me. He looked young and vibrant, his hands in his pockets, and a smile on his face

"Interesting times ahead my boy, interesting times ahead," he said. For a minute I was so shocked I couldn't say anything. Finally I blurted out the only thing that came to mind, "They've been interesting ever since you left. Trial after trial, hardship after hardship."

"Now you know how Jesus felt when He walked the earth," he answered, "always doing good, always in the Father's will, yet always mocked and rejected, always misunderstood and despised. Besides, it was all a test anyway."

"A test of what?" I asked.

"For you personally, God wanted to see if you would stay true to your calling even when all seemed lost. He was preparing you and purging you, refining you, for the time when He will use you, and speak to you as He spoke to me."

Before I could say anything he lifted his hand to stop me. His fingers were no longer crooked from his arthritis they were straight, and normal.

"I know what you're going to say my boy, it's not what you want, it's not what you asked for. But you should know by now it is the task you were chosen for. In this you have no choice, besides where can you hide from the face of God. Men have tried before, look how it turned out in the end. To reject what God has planned for you is to deny God. You know what the consequences are."

Unable to find the words to answer, I simply nodded my understanding, and allowed him to continue speaking.

"As for why the ministry had to go through what it went through, God has already spoken that to your heart. You already know the answer. God wants all that know of this work, to be certain of one thing. It is He who sustains it; it is He who blesses it, and not the hands of men or their gimmicks. Do you think any of it would still be here after all that has happened if not for God? Never doubt God's promises concerning this work, or His ability to fulfill them. Hope in God never disappoints, hope in man always leads to disillusionment."

"Now for the reason I am here. I was sent to show you something. Look and see," he said, pointing down to the valley below. As I looked, I saw the outline of a map of America then the outlines of states began taking shape. As I continued to watch this map solidify, small lights began to flicker on and off in some of the states. I recognized California, Illinois, Michigan, Arizona, Washington State, Florida, and New York, among the states that lit up. The light was rhythmic, almost like a homing beacon, constant in its progression. I continued watching the lights go on and off, waiting for something else to happen, but nothing did. Finally I said, "I don't understand. What does this mean?"

"These are the places where those who were sent here long ago, to bring fear and cause chaos, have situated themselves. They lie in waiting, planning and plotting destruction. They are as coiled serpents, looking forward to the hour when they will be loosed upon this nation. If God's children pray, once more he will delay the season of sorrow that is yet to come."

We stood on the ridge in silence for a long time. After awhile the lights stopped flickering in the valley below, and the map began to fade away. Suddenly my grandfather turned his head toward the east, and began to sniff the air as he used to do. "Storm's coming my boy, and it's a bad one," he said. "Now give an old man a hug, and let me be on my way. Be vigilant and work while you still can, it's all God asks of any of His servants. If the Father wills it, we will speak again."

As I hugged my grandfather, I began to hear the rumbling of a great storm. The sky darkened overhead, and the booming of thunder was now audible. In my dream I closed my eyes, and when I opened them again, I was in my bed, awake. I wiped at my cheeks with the back of my hand, and realized I had been crying. As my eyes began to adjust to the dark, I saw that my wife was sitting up in bed, staring at me. When I asked her why she wasn't sleeping, she said I'd been talking in my sleep for over thirty minutes. I tried going back to sleep but sleep would not come. Finally I gave up trying, went into the kitchen and prayed until morning.

Over the past few days, I have spent much time in prayer as to whether I should share this dream or not. I believe that I am supposed to, and this is why I have included it in this issue of the newsletter. My prayer is that no one would perceive it as a reason for fear, but rather a reason to hope. God hears the prayers of His children, and as long as He encourages us to pray, we must do so without reservation. The day will come, a day I anticipate with great dread, when God will speak to His children as he spoke to Jeremiah, and say do not pray for this people, or lift up a cry for them any longer. For now, while we still can, may we ceaselessly bring our petitions before the Lord.

May the grace of the living Savior abound in you, and may the peace of our risen Lord be ever present in your heart. As always, your prayers are coveted, and our prayers are with you.

Jeremiah 18:7-10, "The instant I speak concerning a nation and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up, to pull down, and to destroy it, if that nation against whom I have spoken turns from its evil, I will relent

of the disaster that I thought to bring upon it. And the instant I speak concerning a nation and concerning a kingdom, to build and to plant it, if it does evil in My sight so that it does not obey My voice, then I will relent concerning the good with which I said I would benefit it."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

This is the Church

September 2003

Dear Brethren,

Matthew 9:36-38, But when He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion for them, because they were weary and scattered, like sheep having no shepherd. Then He said to His disciples, "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few. Therefore pray the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into His harvest."

It had been the most trying two weeks of my life. While still in Romania, I woke up one morning to the most excruciating pain I had ever felt. All my joints ached, my feet were swollen, and I could barely move. The weather had changed, and it seems that as my grandfather I am prone to arthritis. On my way back to the States, on September 9, while awaiting a connection at London Heathrow airport, my laptop was stolen.

(Along these lines I would like to apologize to all the child sponsors. In the same bag I carried my laptop, I had the new updated biographies of all the children, with their shoe and pant sizes, as well as the new pictures. They too were taken. Although the staff in Romania is currently working on redoing all the biographies it will be some time before they are finished.)

Finally having arrived in the US, while driving from the airport Geno filled me in on what had been happening in the States. He told me of the openly gay bishop that had been ordained by the Episcopalian church, and then of the battle over the Ten Commandments in Alabama, and by the time we reached Watertown I was disheartened. It had been a long two days, and all I wanted to do was take a shower, and get some sleep. I had been asleep less than half an hour when I had a dream. I was in a hospital room; it was very clean, and freshly painted. In the room there was a bed with a woman in it. I approached the bed, and took a closer look at the woman. She was dressed in a gray robe, and she had a ring on every finger of her hand. From time to time, she would raise her hand, look at her fingers, and smile. For some reason, that smile was the saddest thing I've ever seen. It was crooked, and it exhibited no real joy. As I looked at her the sadness in my heart grew to such intensity that it woke me up. Even awake I could still feel the sadness, and as much as I tried I couldn't get back to sleep. For six days in a row I had the same exact dream, I would see the woman lying in bed, I would be overwhelmed by sadness, then I would wake up. I was so frustrated, not knowing what this meant that on the seventh day I decided to fast. That night as I went to sleep the dream started again, the same as before. I looked at the woman, she smiled, the sadness overwhelmed me, but I didn't wake up. The door to the room opened and a man dressed in a white smock walked in holding a clipboard. Before he could say anything I began asking a barrage of questions. "Who are you? Why am I here? Who is she? Why have I been dreaming this for almost a week?"

"Because you waited almost a week to fast," he said. He must have noticed the stunned expression on my face, because his eyebrows arched upward. "I am a friend," he continued, "I was sent with a message, be at peace servant, all will be revealed in due time."

"How do I know you're a friend," I asked. "Because, Jesus is Lord", he answered. Then he smiled, and I recognized him. I had seen that smile before. Suddenly I was eight years old again, sleeping in the top bunk of the bed I shared with my grandparents, on a cold winter night in Romania. I will remember that night for as long as I live. I had woken up to go to the restroom, but before I could get out of bed I heard talking below me. My grandfather was talking to someone, I went to peer over the edge, to see who it was, and found myself face to face with this same man. He'd smiled at me, and I'd instantly gone back to sleep.

"I know you don't I?"

"Yes we've met once before, but I see you often," he answered.

"Why am I here?" I asked.

"Because you murmur, because you have said in your heart that you are on a fool's quest, because you think no one hears, that the message is falling on deaf ears. It is not for you to judge the success the message has in the hearts of others, you were called to be a servant, serve. I was sent to rekindle the fire of compassion in your heart. Compassion for the wayward and the lost, compassion for her," he said pointing to the woman in the bed.

"Who is she?"

"She is the church," he answered me. "Content only with the things of this earth, absent of spiritual strength. She is the reason you and others like you were called to forfeit your lives. The sadness you feel when you behold her is nothing compared to the sadness the Father feels for her condition. If she is to stand in the fire, if she is to be victorious she must be strengthened. She has been in this condition of spiritual paralysis for so long, she believes this is her natural state. If only she knew the power she has access to, if only she knew obedience. The wolves have gathered unhindered, and soon they will strike at her with violence. What will she do if she is unable to defend herself? What will become of the house of God?"

"Be faithful, for faithfulness is rewarded. Why do you say in your heart, that God should make it easier, that He should ease your trials, would you rather that pride find its way into your heart when the Father endows you with the gift He has promised? Keep humility as your constant companion, for the humble receive an abundance of grace. Remember if just one soul is spared from the eternal flame, if just one soul is reached and brought to salvation, it is worth a lifetime's labor and sacrifice. One day you will know the number, receive your reward, and be astonished. I must leave now, but whether in the waking hours, or in dream, we will meet again."

The man walked to the bed, looked down at the woman, smiled a sad smile and walked out. As soon as he walked out of the room, and I was alone with her, the sadness began to invade my heart, and I woke up. The reason I share this with you is to ask for your prayers. It is a difficult thing to go to church after church, night after night, and speak a message of repentance that to the hearts of many has become a foreign concept. The knowledge that if just one heart is reached, if one returns to the narrow path of faith, it was worth it and gives us purpose and new strength. May the light of God shine brightly in your hearts, and may you exhibit Christ wherever you are.

Revelation 3:19, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten. Therefore be zealous and repent."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

Blood On The US Flag

October 2003

In early January our ministry was notified by a supporter in Florida that as her husband was looking at the 2004 Marine Calendar February page he noticed a Marine standing by the flag. At that moment he saw in a vision the flag drip with blood. There is great significance to the dream Michael was given and we know before God allows judgments or warnings he always warns and God always prepares his people.

Psalm 32: 6-7, "For this cause everyone who is Godly shall pray to you in a time when you maybe found; surely in a flood of great waters they shall not come near him. You are my hiding place; you shall preserve me from trouble; you shall surround me with songs of deliverance."

It was October 11th, and we had spent most of the day driving from Wisconsin to Overland Park Ks. I was scheduled to speak at a church the next morning. We had planned to arrive early evening that Saturday, but due to unplanned heavy traffic, and the fact that we got lost along the way, we arrived at our motel just a little past midnight. I was exhausted, and after saying a prayer I went to bed. During the night I had a dream. I dreamed I was kneeling by my bedside praying, when I felt a presence behind me. I turned, and a man was standing there, dressed in white, his hands clasp in front of him. It was the same man I had seen in a dream sometime earlier. "Why didn't you say something, if you were standing there," I asked. "I would never interrupt your communion with the Father," he answered ". It was precious thing. Take my hand, I must show you something."

I took his hand and suddenly we were standing in front of the U.S. Marine War Memorial. It is a statue depicting a group of soldiers raising the American flag on Iwo Jima in WW2. I looked to the man standing on my right, but he pointed toward the statue, and said, "Look at the flag."

As I was watching the flag flap in the wind, a red spot appeared in its center, it began to grow, and spread turning the flag red as it went. It was like someone had spilled this red liquid in the flag's center, and absorbing it, the stain continued to grow. I watched, as the entire flag became saturated, until it finally started to drip.

To my surprise, I realized the liquid dripping from the flag was blood. "What is this suppose to mean"? I asked the man. "The leaders of this nation have war on their hearts, and on their lips, and soon they will have blood on their hands. The banner of war is upon this land," the man answered solemnly.

Before I could ask anything more, I found myself sitting up in bed in a cold sweat. I shared this dream with a friend that Sunday night, as I happened to be speaking in his church in Topeka. I also shared it with Geno and the rest of the staff here at the Hand Of Help office, but in my heart I decided not to make it public until after the holidays. The reason for choosing not to share this until after the New Year is something I choose not to elaborate on at the present time.

Then 3 weeks after this dream I had another. I dreamed the same man was standing by my bedside, but he was no longer dressed in white. Over his robe, he had a breastplate, and as he stood I could see the handle of his sword protruding from behind his right shoulder. It was the fiercest image I had ever seen in my life, but I was not afraid. Kindness still showed in his eyes, and I knew he meant me no harm. As I looked up at him the one thing that struck me was that his breastplate was not shiny. For some reason, I had expected it to shine, rather it was dented and scarred, and looked as though it had seen much battle.

He looked down at me with what I could only describe as disappointment in his eyes. Before I could speak, he said, "for a vessel to fulfill its task, substance must be poured into it, then that same substance must be poured out. If it is never poured out, it will overflow, being of use to no one. Do you understand?" I nodded half heartedly, although I knew what he was trying to tell me.

"When a vessel is chosen it is an honor," he continued, "be faithful in completing your task and share what is given you without delay. Come I will show you once more."

Once again we stood before the monument and the same scene played out.

"When will this happen?" I asked before he could turn away.

"When the Father wills it", he answered. "His will be done."

"Can't you ask him?" I asked realizing only after the words had left my mouth how infantile the question had been.

"You speak of the things your mind cannot comprehend". "You speak of time concerning the One to whom centuries are no more than a blink of an eye. Be diligent in what you have been shown, and more will be revealed. All things proceed as he ordains, that is all you are given to know for now."

The dream ended, and I found myself in bed. I have had some time to contemplate this dream, and if I was one given to speculation there are many theories I could come up with but I am not.

What I do know, is whether in retaliation for a certain action, or as a preemptive measure, this nation will set out on a course that will eventually be the cause of innocents losing their lives. This nation will, be perceived as having blood on its hands and it will stir the emotions of the world against it.

I pray with all my heart this does not occur. That all who are denoting peace and safety for generations to come are right, and I am wrong. Regardless of what some may think I do not want to see the judgment of God fall on this land, but the path we have chosen as a nation is leading us to it.

More than ever I urge you to pray for this nation and its leaders, because it is our duty as children of God to do so. May he who ordains all things be with you and guide you, knowing that in him there is perfect safety, and perfect peace. My heartfelt gratitude and thanks goes out to all those who pray for and support this work, being more than certain that your reward will be great indeed.

Jonah 3: 8-9, "But let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily to God; yes, let everyone turn from his evil way and from the violence that is in his hands. Who can tell if God will turn and relent, and turn away from his fierce anger so that we may not perish."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

God's word will be "An Anchor In The Storm"

April 30, 2004

John 7:37-38, "On the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried out, saying, "If anyone thirsts, let him come to Me and drink. He who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water."

It had been a busy four months. Geno and myself had been on the road since the beginning of January, and the weekend of April 30, we were scheduled to speak in North Dakota. This however, was a special meeting. It was to be held on an Indian reservation, plagued with countless vices, and in recent weeks with the spirit of suicide as well. It was an open meeting, where Christians and non-Christians had been invited. For the past two weeks I had been praying for direction as to what I should speak. It was a new forum for me, and I knew I needed guidance and direction. As the day drew nearer, I prayed even more, but had received no answer.

I had worked third shift the previous night, and had only had enough time to take a shower, and put on some fresh clothes before we were scheduled to make the long drive. Since I was thoroughly tired, I let Geno drive, and I went to sleep in the passenger seat, still troubled in my mind over what I was to speak.

As I slept, I had a dream. I dreamt I was at the base of a tall mountain, with a beautiful waterfall running down its center. As the water fell down the mountain, at certain intervals there were gathering pools, where the water would accumulate, then spill over to continue its trek down the mountainside. A great number of people were at the bottom of the mountain kneeling beside the lowest gathering pool sipping the water. As I looked up the mountainside more people were at the other gathering pools as well, but as the elevation grew, less and less people could be seen. As I was taking in the scene, and wondering what it meant, I noticed a man dressed in white standing beside me, his hands clasped behind his back. It was the same man I had dreamt in previous dreams. He was looking at the mountain, and the running water as intently as I was.

Finally, I looked at him, and asked: "What does this mean. I do not understand."

"It is the answer to your question," he answered. Before I could say anything else, he began to walk, turned his head and said, "Walk with me."

We walked to the first pool of water, and made our way through the crowd until we were standing on the edge, people were still scooping up the water and drinking hungrily. "Taste it," the man said pointing to the water. It looked clean, but as I scooped a handful and put it to my lips, I noticed it had an earthy taste. I winced, the man smiled, and he continued walking up the mountainside. It was a rough and rocky path, and although the man seemed to have no difficulty climbing, I stumbled a few times, slipped on a few stones, but managed to keep up with his pace. Halfway up the mountain, we stopped at another pool. There were fewer people there than at the bottom, so it was easier for us to make our way to the edge. "Taste it," the man said. I did as before, and scooped some water with my cupped hand, brought it to my lips, and tasted it. Although it tasted much better than the previous pool, there was still a tinge of a sour taste.

We continued to walk up the mountain, until finally, we reached the top. What had been obscured by distance before was now very clear to me. At the top, there was no gathering pool, but a constant torrent of water that came right out of the mountain itself. The rush of water was so powerful that as it came out of the mountain, one could not help but get sprayed if they stood close to it. Those standing at the top, much fewer in number than those at the bottom, were already wet, and in a few minute's time I was thoroughly soaked as well. "Taste it", the man finally said after we stood and watched the beauty of the spring for some time. The water was unlike anything I'd ever tasted. It was cool and crisp, and my thirst was quenched after a few sips.

Although it was a beautiful sight to behold, I was still confused, and after some time I asked the man, "what does it mean?"

"You prayed to the Father, and asked what you should speak. It is the answer to your prayer. This spring is the word of God. When at its source it is pure, and gives life, but as men continue to twist it and interpret and dilute it, it loses its essence, it becomes bitter. Speak the truth of His word, and the thirst of those listening will be quenched."

"What was the meaning of those at the bottom of the mountain?" I asked.

"They are those who are content with half truths, many know cleaner water is found on the mountaintop, but choose not to exert themselves. It is a hard climb, and to know truth one must be diligent in knowing the Word. For now the difference between those at the base of the mountain, and those who stand here, nourishing themselves with the pure word of God is negligible to the human eye. While the day abides, in the eyes of men they are all the same, but the day will not abide forever."

As the man spoke those words, what had just an instant before been blue and sunny skies, turned pale, then pitch black. In an instant there was darkness as far as the eye could see.

"Now behold the difference", the man said. As I looked I understood what he meant. The base of the mountain was engulfed in darkness. Not one flicker of light was visible, but those standing on the mountaintop began to shine with an inner glow that allowed them to see the path before them clearly. The man who had been standing next to me shone brighter than us all.

"Only the pure truth of God's word will be as an anchor in the storm, and as a lamp in the darkness," the man said. "All else will fade away into nothingness. For the days to come are dark days filled with turmoil and great anguish. Even upon this land toward which the Father has shown such great mercy, the day is soon coming when its fate will stun the world. Be bold in the truth servant, and work while you still may that your reward will be complete."

I woke up, thinking it had only been a short while since I'd fallen asleep. I was surprised to hear Geno tell me we were only minutes away from our destination. That night, the meeting was held in the ballroom of a casino, and as instructed I preached the truth of God's word. It was a simple message on Jesus being the truth, the way, and the life, yet this simple message stirred the hearts of those listening. It was one of the most powerful meetings we've had on this tour, with people being saved, delivered, and rededicating their lives to the Lord Jesus. Since then, I have prayed much concerning whether or not to share this dream, and I felt in my heart it was time to do so. God prepares His children in advance, and offers them sufficient time to cling to Him, and trust in Him, that they may weather the storm, and see His victory through it all.

Revelation 22:17, "And the Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" And let him who hears say, "Come!" And let him who thirsts come. And whoever desires, let him take the water of life freely."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

October 15, 2004

This is the message God gave Michael Boldea through a dream while he was in North Carolina. Michael asked for a confirmation of this message and asked God simply to give him the dream again if it was from him. **The next night he had the same dream.**

America had many chances to repent and individually some people are still repenting and asking the Lord into their heart. We praise God for this. However, since 911 we can see many in America have disregarded the warnings from God and efforts have been made across this land to allow gay marriage, remove references of God from landmarks and buildings, and even the pledge of allegiance. America is on a collision course with judgement and this is why the watchman are blowing the trumpet.

Michael has spent 18 years travelling across America 12 with his grandfather, Dumitru Duduman, warning, sharing from the word of God, and speaking only what God shows him. May God give us all ears to hear this message.

(Hand Of Help Ministries)

The Eagle and the Serpents

(The Angel said, "this has been revealed to you, that you may know, the first bite has been, the second is yet to come, and the third will be its destruction.")

Psalm 34:7-8, "The angel of the Lord encamps all around those who fear Him, and delivers them. Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good; Blessed is the man who trusts in Him! Oh, fear the Lord, you His saints! There is no want to those who fear Him."

Upon my return to the United States in late August, I had a very vivid and troubling dream. I shared it with the staff here in Wisconsin, and with a few other brothers, but continued to pray and seek direction from God as to whether or not I should include it in the newsletter.

At the staff's urging, and feeling a release from the Lord, I have included this dream in this issue of the newsletter.

I dreamt I was walking through a sparsely wooded forest, and suddenly my attention was drawn to an eagle flying high above the tree line. It was a beautiful sight to behold as the eagle rode the thermals, flying in slow lazy arcs across the blue sky. I began to quicken my pace, and keep up with the eagle's flight, all the while keeping an eye on it, noticing that it was slowly descending toward the earth. I followed it for a long time, its descend not being sudden but very gradual.

Finally I came upon a small clearing, where there were no trees, just some bushes on the edges of the green grass. The eagle landed in the clearing, and began to look around not seeming to notice me.

As I began to wonder what the relevance of this was, a man dressed in white, hands clasped in front of him, appeared beside me, and said, "Be patient, in due time you will see the purpose."

I was silent as I watched the eagle, and was beginning to grow somewhat impatient, when suddenly, it seemed out of nowhere, a brown snake lunged at the eagle, and bit down on its left wing. The snake's strike was very quick and very precise. The eagle reacted without delay, clawing and pecking at the snake cutting deep wounds in its underbelly, trying to defend itself and ward off the serpent. Just as it seemed the eagle was winning the battle, and the serpent was retreating, another serpent appeared, red and black diagonal stripes covering its body, and without hesitation struck out at the eagle's right wing, biting down, and refusing to release. After a momentary tug of war the serpent tore off flesh and feathers, leaving a large wound on the eagle's right wing. The second bite was much worse than the first, and for an instant the eagle was stunned. Then a serpent much larger than the previous two, made up of many colors, slithered toward the eagle, opened its jaws, and lunged, taking the whole of the eagle's head in its mouth before biting down.

The serpents retreated and the man who had been standing beside me, walked to the eagle, knelt down, picked it up, and held it in his cupped hands. The look of grief on his face was beyond any I have seen in my life. Just seeing the look on the man's face broke your heart.

The man continued to look down at the eagle, and with a pained voice said, "The true tragedy, is that at any moment it could have sought the safety of the above, it could have soared toward the heavens and would have found its protection. This has been revealed to you, that you may know, the first bite has been, the second is yet to come, and the third will be its destruction."

I watched for a long time as the man held the eagle in the palms of his hands, the pained expression never leaving his features. I was too stunned to speak, or ask any questions, what I had seen having seemed so real. The feeling followed me into my waking hours as well, and each time I closed my eyes I saw the entire scene play before my eyes throughout the day.

One thing that I feel I need to share with you is that the second bite seemed to come from an unexpected place. Although I have my own opinion concerning this, I choose to keep it to myself, because expounding on personal opinion is a dangerous thing when it comes to things that God reveals.

I was hesitant in sharing this dream, because I know some will perceive it as a reason to fear. It is not a reason to fear, but a reason to be stirred, and emboldened for the kingdom of God. The reality, is that these are the times we are living in, and I for one am thankful to God for his forewarnings, knowing that His children will never be unaware of what the future holds. All I can do is urge you to be watchful, and diligent in your prayers to the Father. This nation, today, is more in need of prayer on its behalf than at any time in its history. It is the prayers of His children that compels God to relent, and tarry. Stand in the gap, you are precious in the eyes of God, and He hears your heartfelt supplications.

Joel 2:12-14, "Now, therefore, says the Lord, turn to Me with all your heart, with fasting, with weeping, and with mourning. So rend your heart, and not your garments; Return to the Lord your God for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness; and He relents from doing harm."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

A Word of Comfort

April 19, 2005

Dear Brethren

Isaiah 43:2-3, "When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; When you walk through the fire you shall not be burned, nor shall the flame scorch you. For I am the Lord your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior."

God has blessed me with an understanding wife. If it were not so, I could not do what I do. I am on the road most of the time, and when I do get to spend a night in my own bed, I toss and turn thinking about the next trip we are about to embark on and how many hours it will take to get there.

The first week of March we were in California, and after preaching in a friend's church that Sunday night, we returned to our hotel to pack for the flight the next morning. Throughout the day my wife had been on my heart, and I felt more than a little guilty knowing that I would get home that Monday night, pack, and Tuesday be off again for a ten day speaking tour.

That night as I went to bed I prayed for God to keep my wife safe, as I do every night, and fell into a restless sleep. As I slept, I had a dream.

I dreamt I was asleep when suddenly I felt a presence in my room. I opened my eyes, to see a man standing by my bedside, hands at his side, looking down at me. I was not scared, for I had seen the man in my dreams many times before. I sat up and waited for the man to speak.

"The Father has sent me to strengthen you," he began. "You have said in your heart, 'I know what is to come and do not fear it, but if it be your will, protect the one I love.'"

"Come, see, and be strengthened," the man said extending his right hand. I took his hand, and instantly we were on a high plateau that was very large in size. As I looked and my eyes began to adjust to the dusk, I realized we were not alone. A great army was standing at attention, all dressed for battle, swords in hand, each one glowing it seemed from within. There were rows, upon rows of angels, in armor, in perfect formation. It was a stunning sight to behold. I was speechless as I scanned the great army, extending as far as the eye could see.

Suddenly the man standing next to me gave an almost imperceptible nod, and the entire army ascended toward the heavens, like a million fireflies, and began to disperse each one going his own way.

Still too stunned to speak I followed the lights with my eyes, until I could see them no more. Before I could ask any questions, the man looked at me and smiled.

"They are the guardians," he said, "they are the protectors of the righteous. Soon all will see the difference between the righteous and the wicked, between those pure of heart and those in which darkness still resides. Soon it begins."

As he spoke these words, the ground began to shake under my feet, and I heard a powerful explosion to my left, then another to my right. As I woke up, I could feel a searing heat on my face.

I share this dream today, in the hope that it will strengthen you as much as it has strengthened me. As children of God we should not fear that which is to come upon the earth. We are His beloved, and the angels of God have already been dispatched, to protect His Children.

Our duty remains what it has always been, to daily do the will of God, to daily crucify the flesh, and daily press in and desire to know more of Him.

Psalm 34:2-3, "My soul shall make its boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear of it and be glad. Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."

Psalm 34:7, "The angel of the Lord encamps all around those who fear Him, and delivers them."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

A Great Earthquake coming

February 3, 2006

Dear Brethren

Isaiah 24: 19-20, "The earth is violently broken, the earth is split open, the earth is shaken exceedingly. The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall totter like a hut; Its transgression shall be heavy upon it, and it will fall, and not rise again."

While I was in Romania, one night after my devotions I went to bed, exhausted and in need of much sleep having ridden in a truck all day delivering food to families. It had been a hard day, and we had to push the truck out of snow banks and ditches more than once. My body ached, and all I really wanted was to get some good rest.

As I fell into a deep sleep I had a dream. I dreamt I was in a hotel room, asleep, when the bed began to shake violently. I knew what was happening right away. Having lived in California in the 1980's I was keenly aware of what an earthquake felt like. Suddenly I was no longer in bed, but high above San Francisco bay, looking down on the golden gate bridge. As I watched it, it began to shudder, break apart, and fall into the waters below. I continued to watch the devastation, seeing buildings collapse, and masses of people trying to find shelter. Then a voice spoke out of the heavens, a voice I had never heard before, a voice of great authority. "I will shake this land from its foundations, such as the eyes of this generation has not seen. The world will stand in awe, and tremble in fear, as even the very geography of this nation will be transformed. My wrath is ready to be poured out, for sin has overrun My temple."

In my dream I began to weep, not due to the devastation I was seeing, but due to the great power of the voice I was hearing. I woke up trembling, unable to breathe, and tired as I was I could not go to sleep again.

Shortly before sunrise, my phone began to ring, and when I answered it, it was my brother Daniel. "Are you awake?" he asked, "Yes", I answered.

"I had a dream last night," he continued, "it was a terrible dream. I dreamt of a big earthquake coming to America."

When I told him I'd had the same dream, he was silent for some time then said, "I'm coming over so we could pray."

He had just arrived at my apartment, when my phone rang again. It was a brother from 200 kilometers away, who is prophetically gifted, and has spoken many words over me that have come to pass.

"Is this Mike?" when I answered in the affirmative, he said, "I had a dream last night, and I felt I needed to call and tell you about it. I dreamt of a terrible earthquake in your country, I saw a big bridge that just collapsed I saw destruction as I have never seen before. Does this mean anything to you?"

It took me some time to find something to say. I was speechless, and could find no words. On the same night, three different people had the same dream, with the same vivid details. Knowing that the brother had a prayer group that met nightly, I asked him to remember America in their prayers whenever they prayed, and he said he would. Before he hung up he said, "Mike I've had many dreams in my life, the Lord willed it so, but none has scared me as the dream I had last night. Only God can protect someone through something like that, there is no other hope but to run to Him."

No matter what may come upon this land, we know that God abides with His faithful, keeping them, guiding them, and protecting them. Events will begin to unfold upon this earth, that will make even the mightiest of men tremble in fear, but knowing that we have a shelter from the storm, a sovereign God who watches over us, fearlessly we press on faithful in all that He asks of us.

Psalm 91:7-11, "A thousand may fall at your side, and ten thousand at your right hand; But it shall not come near you. Only with your eyes shall you look, and see the reward of the wicked. Because you have made the Lord, who is my refuge, even the Most High, your habitation, no evil shall befall you, nor shall any plague come near your dwelling; For He shall give His angels charge over you, to keep you in all your ways."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

A New War Is Coming

April 6, 2007

Dear Brethren

Jeremiah 50:22, "A sound of battle is in the land, and of great destruction."

James 5:8, "You also be patient. Establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord is at hand."

One of the most important lessons I learned as a young man traveling with my grandfather, as being his interpreter, is that one must always prepare for battle, before he is faced with it. Just as a soldier must know the weapons of his warfare, train with them, and be comfortable with them, so must a servant of God know his weapons, and prepare himself before he ventures out into enemy territory. It was so ingrained in me, that a servant of God must be prayed up, and fasted up before he goes out to minister, that before every tour I begin, I take a couple weeks to simply fast and pray, and draw close to God, and see what He would have me share at the upcoming meetings.

I was still in Romania the first few days of February, about halfway through a two week fast, when after having spent some time in prayer, I went to bed, and fell into a restful sleep. Sometime during the night, I began to dream. I dreamt I was hearing what were at first faint hoof beats, but the closer they got, the louder they grew, until it was a thundering roar of not one or two horses but what seemed like hundreds. I felt as though the ground beneath me was shaking from the onrushing horses, and the sound of them became so loud, that I suddenly awoke in my bed. As I blinked a few times, adjusting to the darkness in my room, I noticed a shadow at the foot of my bed. I blinked again, and there stood the same man I have seen on previous occasions, dressed in battle armor, his hands resting atop each other before him, on the hilt of his sword.

"What is the meaning of what I just dreamt?" I asked, somehow knowing he had come to give me the interpretation.

"What you heard," he began, "were the chariots of war, and they are swiftly approaching. A new war is coming, but it will be unlike this present one. Speak as you have spoken, pray as you have prayed, and walk as you have walked for dark days will soon come upon the land to which you are returning. Even now their enemies plot, even now their enemies unite under one banner, and soon they will make their intentions known to the world. There is no refuge but in the Father, and He will guide and protect those who know His voice."

I blinked again, and the man was gone, and I was left to ponder the words I had heard. I struggled with whether I should make this dream public, for I know the reaction that some will have to it, and the last thing I desire is to stir fear in the heart of any man. After much prayer I felt I was supposed to publish the dream, and though some may receive it as a reason to fear, the true children of God will receive it for what it was, the forewarning of a loving Father, preparing His children for what is to come. God's desire for us is not ignorance, but rather knowledge, that we may prepare our hearts, in prayer and fasting, that we may draw closer to Him, that we make Him our place of refuge long before hardship forces us to seek one. The wise man prepares, while the foolhardy is caught unaware.

As always my prayers continue to be with you and yours, and with a grateful heart I thank you for all that you do on behalf of those less fortunate.

Jeremiah 19:15, "Thus says the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: 'Behold, I will bring on this city and on all her towns all the doom that I have pronounced against it, because they have stiffened their necks that they might not hear My words.'"

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

The Dream

October 30, 2007

Dear Brethren

1 Thessalonians 5:4-5, "But you, brethren, are not in darkness, so that this Day should overtake you as a thief. You are all sons of light and sons of the day. We are not of the night nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as others do, but let us watch and be sober."

1 Thessalonians 5:8, "But let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and as a helmet the hope of salvation."

I had a dream last night, and if not for the specific instruction to share what I saw, I would have preferred to keep it to myself. I had gone to bed late, having waited for my wife to get home from work. After seeing that she had arrived home safely, and saying my prayers, I fell into a restful sleep.

I dreamt that I was sleeping, when a hand touched my shoulder, and a voice I recognized said, 'wake up.'

In my dream I opened my eyes, and my breath caught in my throat as I saw who had awakened me. It was the same messenger, the angel I had seen on previous occasions, dressed in full battle armor, standing by the side of my bed.

"Take my hand" he said, "I have been sent to show you something."

I barely touched the hand that was extended toward me, when my bed and my bedroom evaporated, and I found myself standing before a white oblong building, that looked allot like a barn or a horse stable. Two large doors made up the front of the structure, and as I looked they began to swing open.

I knew wherever I was it was not of this earth, because everything shone, everything was white, pristine, immaculate.

I also knew that whatever the reason was for being shown this, was about to be revealed, so I stood in silence, holding the messenger's hand.

As soon as the doors were fully open, I saw an angel that looked very much like the one standing beside me, except without the armor, leading a white horse by its reins. The horse was large and muscular, but he followed the angel obediently, with its head bent low. The angel's countenance was somber as he led the horse away, and for some reason this registered with great clarity.

I looked up to the messenger whose hand I was still holding, but he merely nodded toward the white building and the open doors, and said, 'witness.'

Another angel soon appeared in the doorway, holding the reins of a red horse, following after the first. I began to realize what I was seeing, and in silence watched as two more angels appeared, each holding the reins of a horse, one black, one of no discernable color, just pale. All four angels were dressed alike, and had the same somber, sorrowful countenance.

I stood and watched as all four horses were led out of my sight, and finally when they had disappeared from view, the messenger turned to me and said: 'Go and tell what you have seen. The riders prepare, the horses are ready, and soon they will descend, soon they will be loosed. Remember what you have witnessed, and do not hold back a single word. Soon they descend on wings of fury; soon turmoil will shake earth's very foundation. Prepare yourself, for many will fall and few will stand. Fulfillment is at hand, go and speak what you have seen, and what you have heard. The Kingdom awaits the righteous, the holy will soon see the Lord.'

I only realized I was still holding his hand when he let go of mine, and suddenly I was back in my bed, sitting up, fully awake. I am still unsure whether or not it was a dream, or if 'dream' is the right word for it, but for simplicity's sake I will call it a dream.

I tried to go back to sleep but could not, vividly remembering the sorrowful look on the faces of the angels who were leading the horses out of the stables.

It seems the world is seeing, what the church is refusing to acknowledge, the fact that we are on the cusp of great upheaval not only in this nation, but also throughout the world. These are the days of which the prophets spoke, the days of which Christ warned, the time of distress, of sifting and of separation.

My prayer is that we remember always, our hope is in the Lord, and He is faithful to those who are faithful to Him. If one word stands out from this entire dream, it is the word 'prepare' and we must do so with diligence. The children of God must steel themselves for what is coming, prepare their hearts and settle within their souls that the day in which we will have to stand for truth is soon approaching.

1 Thessalonians 5:23-24, "Now may the God of peace Himself sanctify you completely; and may your whole spirit, soul, and body be preserved blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. He who calls you is faithful, who also will do it."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

Deserter?

December, 2008

Dear Brethren

2 Timothy 2:3-4, "You therefore must endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No one engaged in warfare entangles himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who enlisted him as a soldier.

Shortly before I was scheduled to leave for a weeklong missions trip, a trip that had been planned months in advance with the pastors of many churches bringing their congregations together under one roof to hear the word of God, one of the staff members here in Wisconsin reminded me offhandedly that we would soon be celebrating twenty five years since Hand of Help's inception.

A quarter of a century is a long time no matter how you slice it, or what angle it is viewed from. To be honest, I was not in what one might call a celebratory frame of mind. In these twenty five years I have laid to their final rest a grandmother, a grandfather, and a mother, I have known betrayal at the hands of men I considered brothers in Christ and friends fueled by something as unoriginal and despicable as greed, I have preached messages few wanted to hear, and have been despised for my stubborn unwillingness to compromise the word of God.

Throughout the entirety of the mission trip, one question kept nagging at me, always somewhere in the back of my mind. Even though the trip turned out to be an encouraging and reenergizing blessing, and I saw hunger in the hearts of the people for the truth of God's word, feeling the presence of God in a deep and powerful way, I took no pleasure in the thousand plus crowds or their hearty applause. This one question kept echoing in my ears, and as yet I had received no answer. The question was simple: Is there still a need for a prophetic warning ministry once a nation has entered the season of fulfillment?

To me, a warning is a counsel or admonition to desist from a specified undesirable course of action. When someone is warned, that which they are warned against is avoidable. Take for instance the 'reduce speed, winding road ahead' signs. One is warned to reduce their speed, due to the fact that tight curves are just ahead, but if they refuse to heed the warning, then they will suffer the consequences of their actions. I believe God has stopped warning for some time now, due to this nation's unwillingness to heed His warnings. His judgments are no longer avoidable, and the fulfillment of what has been spoken is visible even to those with no prophetic background.

I arrived back home after the weeklong tour, and still the initial thought would not leave. As I began to further ponder this question, I began thinking to myself that maybe this was God's way of telling me I in fact could go back to my homeland, that I had done my duty, I had fulfilled my mission, I had preached, I had warned, I had shared the dreams and visions, and now I was free to have a normal life, to spend time with my wife, have some children, maybe even buy a dog.

One thing that those who know me have grown to understand is that I am not in ministry to get rich or famous, to build a kingdom on earth or have my own face staring back at me from a bookstore shelf. I am in ministry out of obedience to God, and will not be in it one day longer than God desires me to be. Obedience keeps me; it's just that simple.

Two days after arriving home I had pretty much talked myself into believing that I had received my release to move back home. Since I was flying back for Christmas, to be with the family, I began thinking 'why not just stay? Twenty five years is a long time, no one could blame you if you stayed.'

That same night I had a dream. I dreamt I was standing at the edge of a cliff, overlooking a valley that stretched out below me. Although it was night, the valley was not dark due to the dozens of fires that were burning all around the valley. Large white tents peppered the valley floor, and men dressed in white were hurriedly preparing. Some were sharpening swords, others were polishing

shields, but the selfsame look of purpose and determination was evident in the countenance of every one.

As I continued watching I was startled when a hand touched my shoulder. I turned and stood face to face with the same man I had seen in my dreams on previous occasions.

"What do you think they are doing down there? he asked pointing toward the valley and the men.

"It looks like they're preparing for a war, I said gazing back at the valley.

"And what do you call a soldier that flees the battlefield on the eve of battle?

"A deserter, I said.

"A deserter he echoed. "Why would the Father train and equip you for the coming battle only to release you as the battle is about to begin? You think this is the end but it is not. The need for light is multiplied as the darkness grows, not diminished; the need for truth becomes more necessary as deception consumes the innocent, not less relevant. In these dark hours the children of light must shine, in these evil days the truth must be proclaimed with boldness. You can choose to flee, but it is not the Father's will. You can stay and fight, and thus receive your just reward. The world has tainted many who ought to have stayed pure, and many have defiled themselves who ought to have remained undefiled. They have gorged themselves on Nebuchadnezzar's delicacies, thereby disqualifying themselves from being used in these days. The hosts of heaven stand ready even now to do battle on behalf of the righteous. Do not fear the coming days for they have been foretold. Walk in the authority that has been given you, and do your duty as a faithful soldier ought to.

As the man finished speaking, I opened my eyes and was surprised to discover I was in my bed.

Some may wonder why I share this dream, because well, it is not very flattering. In fact I got taken to the proverbial woodshed as the saying goes, but lest we forget the Lord chastens those He loves, and I am ever thankful that He loves me, and suffers my frailty.

I do not know how, but I know that God will make a way. The need for truth is evident. Not my truth, but God's truth, not the truth of any particular denomination, but the truth of God's Holy Word.

As human beings, men and women made of flesh and bone, we make plans, we have hopes and we envision a certain kind of future, but all our hopes and dreams, all our plans must be surrendered, in perfect harmony with the will of God for only in His will are peace, joy and comfort abundant and ever present.

We are on the precipice of volatile and troubling times, witnessing a rapidly changing world. There is a great upheaval coming in the spiritual, just as in the physical, and God will sift those who call themselves His children first and foremost, separating that which is righteous from that which is defiled. We must stand in the righteousness of God, having His Word as our standard and our foundation that we might not be swayed by the winds, or uprooted by the storms. In order to overcome one must face conflict and not flinch from battle, but an unprepared soldier whose armor is not on, and whose weapons are unknown to him, is easily overtaken by an enemy whose bloodlust knows no bounds. Our faith and obedience will carry us through the darkest of nights, because when

faith and obedience are present the light of God shines brighter than the sun, dispelling the darkness.

Romans 16:19-20 "For your obedience has become known to all. Therefore I am glad on your behalf; but I want you to be wise in what is good, and simple concerning evil. And the God of peace will crush Satan under your feet shortly. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.

Three Men in A Wheat Field

Posted March 2010

Shortly after returning to the United States I began having a recurring dream. I have prayed many nights as to whether or not I should share this dream, and I finally received confirmation that I should. There are some dreams or visions that I receive wherein I know instantly that it was either meant for me personally, or that it was intended to be shared. This was not such a dream. After seeking the Lord on the matter however, I know I was supposed to make this dream public.

I dreamt I stood in front of a large wheat field. By the golden hew the wheat stalks had taken on, in my dream, I knew that it was close to harvest time, either late summer or early autumn. It was beautiful and peaceful watching the wheat sway gently in the breeze under a picture perfect blue sky.

As I grew familiar with the scene before me, I began looking around and saw three men, evenly spaced at the edge of the field. One man stood on the left corner of the rectangular field, the second man stood in the middle, and the third man stood on the far right edge.

All three men were dressed in white, and since I was seeing them from behind I could not make out their faces. Each of the three men held something in their right hand. The man on the left held a burning torch, the man in the middle held something that looked like a wineskin, and the man in the far right corner held an old fashioned sickle, and a basket lay on the ground next to him. I recognized the sickle, because I used to play with one in my adolescence while living in Romania.

As I stood and watched this strange scene before me, the man on the far left tipped his torch slightly, and touched one of the wheat stalks with the lit torch. Suddenly about one third of the entire wheat field burst into flame. The fire went out as quickly as it began a sudden burst of flame, followed by the scorched remnants of a once beautiful wheat field.

As I continued watching, the second man uncorked the wineskin, raised it about shoulder level, and tipped it slightly. One solitary drop of water poured out of the wineskin, but as it made contact with the wheat another third of the field was leveled as though a great wave had just swept through it.

I did not understand what I was seeing but I continued to watch the scene unfold. I was expecting the third man to do something as dramatic as the first two, but instead he simply bent from the waist, grabbed a handful of wheat stalk with his left hand, and with a practiced swing of the sickle cut through it. He then laid the wheat he had cut in the basket. Although there was a solemnity in the

actions of all three men, the gentleness and care with which the third man laid the wheat in the basket stood out for some reason. The man continued the process of cutting wheat and putting it in the basket until it was full, then with practiced ease, tied the wheat into a small bushel with a piece of twine he removed from his waist. He laid the bushel aside, and returned to swinging the sickle and filling the basket. This went on for some time as the man methodically and quickly made bushel after bushel of wheat.

For the first two nights, this is where my dream ended, and as I knew this could not be the end of it, I began to pray that I might either see the conclusion of the dream, or receive the interpretation.

On the third night, the dream began as the previous two nights, with the first man setting fire to one third of the field, the second man flooding one third, and the third man meticulously harvesting the last third, I thought it would be the same dream yet again, until the man with the sickle turned, looked at me and said, 'the world will know hunger, the faithful will know the power of their God.' I recognized him; I had seen him in both my dreams and my visions before.

I woke up, and went about my day thinking that I would have the dream again that night, but the dream did not return. I received no further insight or interpretation, but this is what I believe in regards to its meaning:

I believe that a worldwide food shortage is imminent. Whether due to too much sun and not enough rain, or too much rain and unprecedented weather patterns, global agriculture will suffer a severe blow very shortly. I also believe that God has already prepared provision for His children, that He will provide for them, and miraculously so. I do not believe God reveals coming events to His children that they might grow fearful or panic, but rather that they might learn to trust Him, knowing that He who is already into tomorrow, has already made provision for it.

Matthew 6:25-26, Therefore I say to you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink; nor about your body, what you will put on. Is not life more than food and the body more than clothing? Look at the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they?

Matthew 6:31-33, Therefore do not worry, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?' For after all these things the gentiles seek. For your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things. But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.

The House That Stood

Posted June 2012

Since I heard through the grapevine that a friend's church was taking a few days of fasting, (and since all of the Hand of Help staff go to this church, and I knew there would be very little risk of them calling and asking if I wanted to go to lunch if they were all fasting), I decided I would join in, and fast along with everyone else.

Maybe it's just me, but I always feel odd trying to explain the fact that I'm fasting to someone who calls and invites me to lunch or dinner. On the one hand, I feel like I'm bragging about something we ought not to publicly declare we are doing, and on the other hand I feel like I'm making the individual feel bad about not fasting themselves.

I have always found fasting to be a great bringer of clarity, and given the times and the seasons that are upon us, who among us couldn't use a little more clarity?

The first day of the fast, I had picked my brother Sergiu up from the airport in Chicago, brought him home, and gone to bed, when I had a dream.

I dreamt I was walking down a street, but to the left and the right of me everything was utterly destroyed. If not for the foundations sticking out of the earth, one would not have known anything had once stood there.

I have seen the aftermath of earthquakes while living in California in the eighties, I have likewise seen the aftermath of tornadoes live and in person, and this looked like neither of the two. The best way I can describe it, is that the entire street seemed to have been razed. From trees, to homes, to fences, everything had been flattened and annihilated.

The street curved to the left, and as I followed it turning the corner, I was surprised to see a house standing a couple hundred yards ahead of me on the right. There was nothing special about the house. A single story home, with a porch and a porch swing, once painted white by what I could gather, but having taken on a charred look.

I quickened my pace, as even in my dream this seemed odd and surreal, and as I approached the house I heard what could only have been prayer coming from inside.

This was no typical prayer. It was passionate, and fervent, and the only time I remember having heard prayer like this, is when we would have prayer nights in our home in Romania during the Communist occupation.

This was anything but a restrained prayer gathering, and the voices coming from inside the house were praising God, and giving glory to Him.

I stood just short of the front step, and listened to the prayers coming from within the house, until in my dream, I woke up.

As I awoke from my dream within a dream, the man I have grown accustomed to seeing was standing at the foot of my mattress.

'Do you understand what you've just seen?' he asked without prelude.

'I believe I do' I answered somewhat confidently. The man gave me a look one might give to a slowwitted individual and said, 'perhaps in part', then reached out and touched my shoulder.

Suddenly I was back on the same street, and I realized this only because of the house with the porch swing, now a pristine white. It was the only thing that was the same as in my previous dream, because now there were trees, and homes, up and down the block. It looked and sounded like a typical neighborhood, but above the din of chirping birds and barking dogs, I could hear prayer coming from inside the home with the porch swing. It was the same kind of fervent, passionate

prayer I had heard on the previous occasion. I strained to hear what they were praying for, but I could only hear snippets from time to time. As I made to climb the first of three steps, I was back in my bed, with the man standing patiently by my mattress.

'Now you understand', he said, 'tell them not to fear, but to draw close to the Father in whom is shelter from the storm, and protection from destruction.' I then woke up, disoriented, wondering for a while if this was yet another dream within a dream. Realizing that it was not, I knelt beside my mattress and started to pray.

I have not released a dream or a vision in two years, and if not for the specific instruction 'tell them' I would have been hesitant in releasing this dream as well. As I explained in a recent radio interview, the reason why I have not released any visions or dreams is because many within the household of faith have become, for lack of a better term, prophecy junkies. At every gathering, at every meetings, there is always the inevitable 'what's the Lord been showing you lately', as though He hasn't shown us enough, or as though His word is not clear enough.

I specifically asked permission of God to withhold what He was showing me for a season, and have single-mindedly focused on preaching Christ, and Him crucified wherever I was asked to preach, because our safety, our shelter, and our protection is in Christ Jesus our Lord, Savior and King.

Our refuge, our shelter, our place of safety is not a geographical location; it is in the arms of Jesus, in the will of God, in fellowship and intimacy with Him. If we are walking in the will of the Father, then we have nothing to fear. If we are being obedient to His word, His guidance, and His leading, then wherever He will guide us will be a safe place, and wherever He will lead us will be a place of shelter. Our safety is found in obedience. If God has told you to go to a certain place, then do as He has commanded. If however God has not spoken, then be at peace where you are, for God is able to protect you in the midst of the storm.

It is time to draw closer to God than ever before, to come before Him in prayer, and fasting, in righteousness, and purity of heart. The day draws near when we will behold the miracle working power of our God firsthand, when we will see what our God can do, and glory in His omnipotence.

Psalm 18:25-30, "With the merciful You will show Yourself merciful; with a blameless man You will show Yourself blameless; with the pure You will show Yourself pure; and with the devious You will show yourself shrewd. For You will save the humble people, but will bring down haughty looks. For You will light my lamp; the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness. For by You I can run against a troop, and by my God I can leap over a wall. As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord is proven; He is a shield to all who trust in Him."

Psalm 25:4-5, "Show me Your ways, O Lord; teach me Your paths. Lead me in Your truth and teach me, for You are the God of my salvation; on You I wait all the day."

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.

A Telling Dream

The following is a dream I had three times over Memorial Day weekend. It is as it will appear in the next issue of the Hand of Help newsletter. It was a sobering dream in many ways.

Dear Brethren,

Over Memorial Day weekend I was scheduled to speak in Lake Havasu Arizona. Since Las Vegas was the closest major airport and by far the cheapest ticket, Gene and I flew there having planned to spend the first night upon our arrival somewhere in the area, then make the drive to the meeting the next day.

After a four hour flight, some misunderstandings with the car rental agent, and a couple hours to get acclimated to the heat, we checked into our room without further incident.

That night I had a dream.

I dreamt I was standing beside a path leading into a forest, and although snow blanketed the ground, the path was still visible, clear, and well defined. Although I wasn't cold in my dream, I could seem my breath and as I looked around trying to understand what I was seeing and why I was seeing it a beautiful buck made its way up the path toward me.

Although I can't say I've seen many bucks up close this seemed like a fine specimen, regal in its bearing, almost prancing up the path with its head held high.

I stood beside the path unmoving, not wanting to spook the animal in any way. If it saw me it did not let it show as it passed by and continued trotting down the path.

I continued to watch it follow the path toward the forest until suddenly it veered off and began to make its way through the packed snow. Although its pace slowed and it was having a difficult time making headway once it veered off the path, the buck seemed stubborn in its insistence, and though progress was slow, it continued its march.

I started to look around for something else, not really understanding what I was seeing or why I was seeing it when a sharp crack drew my attention back to the buck. Although the animal was a good distance from me, I could see what had happened with great clarity.

The buck had stepped into a hole which had been masked by the snow, and had snapped its front left leg.

I didn't know what else to do, so I just stood and watched as it forced itself up, and though evidently in great pain, it began to continue on its journey away from the path.

Its progress was slow, and I could hear the echoes of its bleating, but wounded as it was the animal was insistent in its purpose.

After some time the buck stopped suddenly and began to sniff at the air. An instant later the mournful sound of howling wolves reached my ears, and I understood what the buck had smelled.

With renewed vigor the buck tried to run, but hampered by its wound, its progress was slow.

I was so focused on the buck that at first I did not acknowledge the movement in my peripheral vision, but as they drew closer I shifted my focus and I could see the source of the howls approaching swiftly. At first it was one wolf, then two, then five, then an entire pack, all in a semi-circle chasing down the wounded buck as it tried to flee.

I was anxious to see what would happen, I strained to see every detail, but as the wolf pack drew closer and closer to the buck, I woke up.

Troubled by the dream I'd had, I prayed a prayer and tried to go back to sleep but no sleep would come.

The next morning we made our way to Lake Havasu, and after having our evening meeting, and a late night dinner, I went to sleep only to dream the exact same dream again. Everything was the same, from the path and the snow, to the buck and its broken leg, to the howls and the wolves, and to waking up fully alert just as the wolves were closing in on the buck.

Once again I prayed and tried to go back to sleep, and once again sleep would not come.

The next morning we had church, then drove a couple hours to a place called Aguila Arizona where we had some wonderful fellowship, then drove back to Las Vegas where we would catch our flight home the next morning.

It was already past midnight when we got in, and having preached twice and driven for about seven hours that day, I was as exhausted as a man can get.

I was asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow, and once again the same dream began to play out. Just as the wolves were ready to attack and take down the buck I was awoken by a loud noise coming from the pullout sofa in the room. It was Gene. He was snoring.

I was halfway to throwing a pillow at Gene and telling him to roll over, when I saw the man standing at the foot of the bed, arms crossed over his chest, and a half smile on his face.

'Ask your question,' he said.

'Why can't I see what happens? Why can't I see the end of the dream?' I asked.

'Because it is inconsequential,' he answered.

'The instant the animal wandered off the path and wounded itself, its end was a certain and foregone conclusion. It matters not which wolf fells it. Once it is felled, they will all feast. The same can be said of this nation with one exception. The animal had no one to help it, this nation rejected the help offered it believing it could heal its own self of the wounds it had inflicted upon itself. The wolves have gathered. They sense the weakness, they smell the blood, and they are confident in the outcome of their endeavor.'

In an instant the man was gone, and I found myself standing halfway out of bed with a pillow in my hand pondering what I had just heard.

We reject repentance at our own peril. We reject righteousness, sanctification and the pursuit of holiness to our own detriment. Though there is safety on the narrow path we've taken it upon ourselves to blaze our own trail, indifferent to the untold perils and dangers awaiting those who stray.

I wish with all my heart I could write happy things in my letter to you today, I wish I could tell you the sun will come out tomorrow and the storm clouds will pass, but our refusal to accept God's help, our refusal to submit and humble ourselves before Him only hastens judgment.

The wolves have gathered, the hunt begins, and this weakened nation is the prey.

I will now repeat what I preached on during one of the aforementioned meetings because I believe it is relevant, timely, and apropos. The level of your relationship with Christ today, will determine whether you stand or fall by the wayside tomorrow. Know that you are resting in Him, know that you draw your strength from Him, and know that you have placed your hope and trust in Him.

On Christ the solid rock we stand, for truly, all other ground is sinking sand.

Psalm 124:6-8, "Blessed be the Lord, who has not given us as prey to their teeth. Our soul has escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken and we have escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.